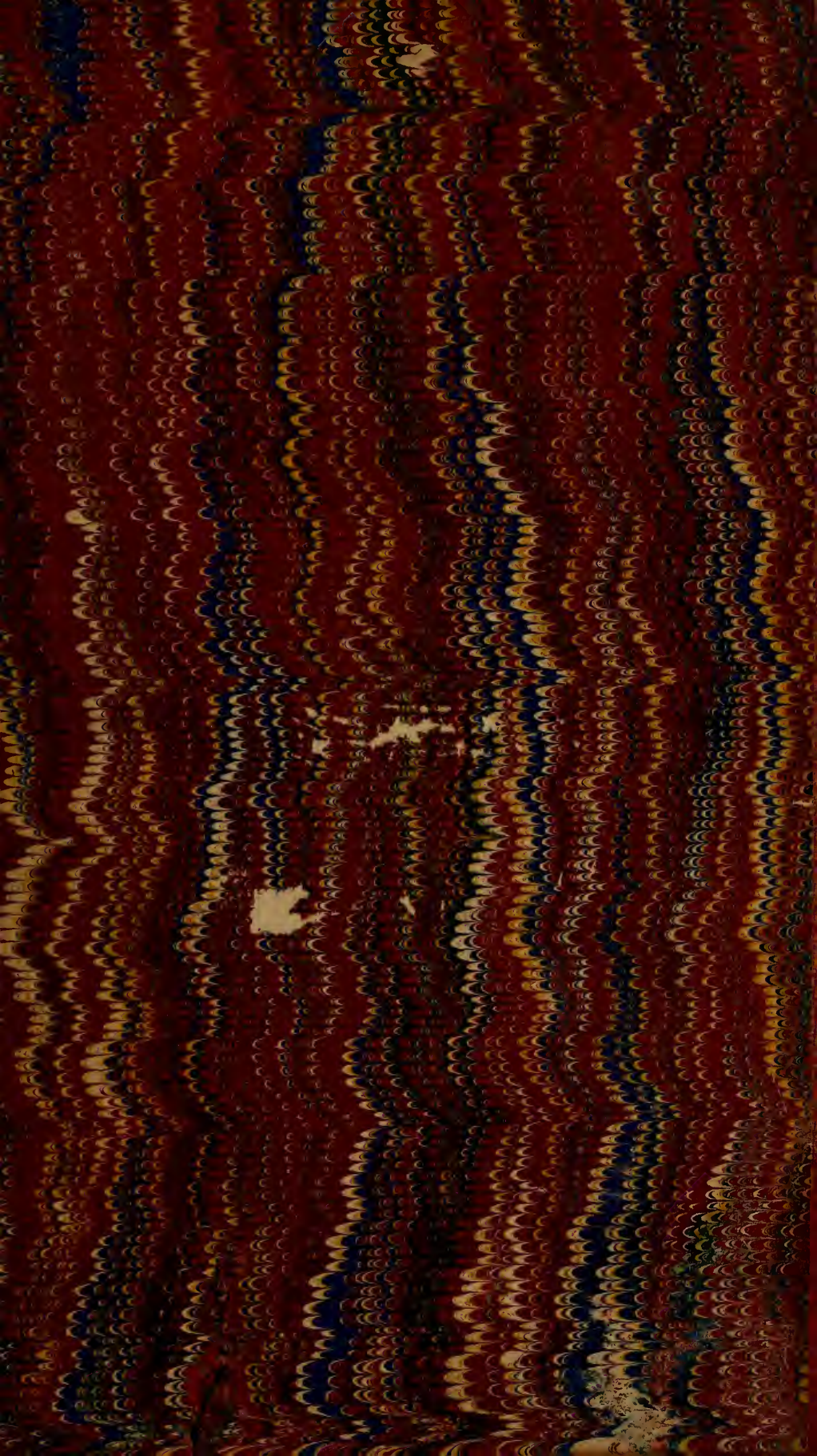




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THE ECHO:
OR,
BORROWED NOTES
FOR
HOME CIRCULATION.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN,
AUTHOR OF "GREYSLAER," &c.

CONTAINING
THE VIGIL OF FAITH,
EROS AND ANTEROS,
MISCELLANEOUS SONGS,
OCCASIONAL POEMS,
EARLY MISCELLANIES.

NEW YORK:
BURGESS & STRINGER,
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PHILADELPHIA, GEORGE B. ZIEBER & CO. THIRD STREET.
1844.

THE ECHO :

OR,

BORROWED NOTES

FOR HOME CIRCULATION.

BY

Charles
Sumner
C. F. HOFFMAN,

AUTHOR OF "A WINTER IN THE WEST," "GREYSLAER," ETC.

American Poetry is little better than a far off *Echo* of the Father Land. It is necessary to enter a little into this point, for the sake of exhibiting the *nature* as well as the *extent* of the *Echo*."

BRITISH "FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW."

PHILADELPHIA:
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, CHESNUT STREET.

1844.

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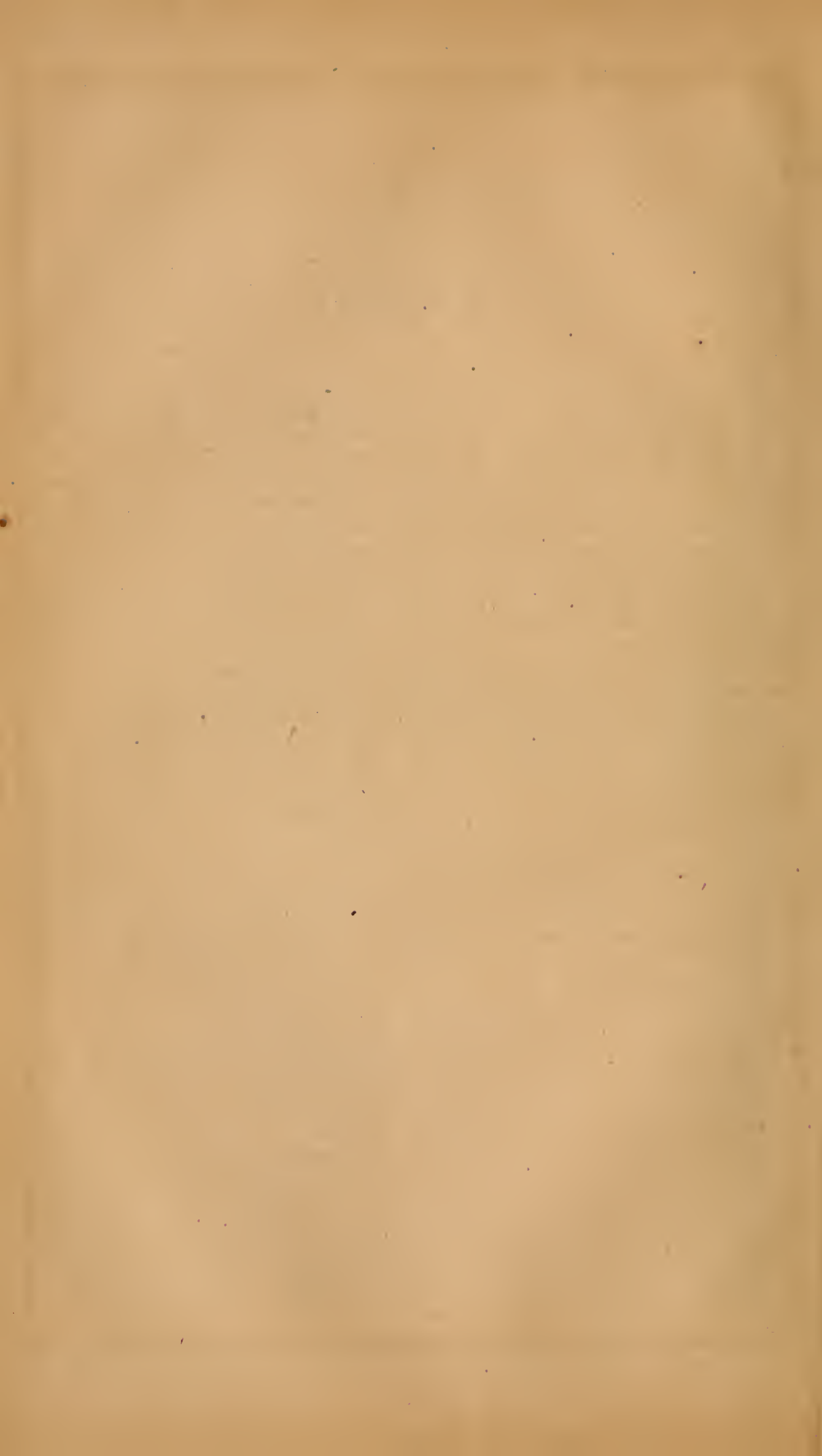
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1844

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TO RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

MY DEAR SIR,—You may remember some three or four years since having asked me for a list of the various signatures under which my anonymous verses had appeared in different American periodicals during the last twenty years. You are perhaps aware, also, of the disparaging remarks which your free and flattering use, in “The Poetry of America,” of the verses thus patiently collected by you, has called out in some quarters. I have often regretted that I permitted those effusions (most of which had long since answered the casual purpose for which they were written) to be thus exhumed: regretted it, not from any particular sensibility to the critical dicta by which they have been assailed; but simply because, like many a sanguine yet indolent person originally conscious of rather vivid poetic aspirations, I had, from my boyhood upward, from early manhood onward, “lived along in the hope of doing something or other” in the way of a poem that my countrymen would not unwillingly let live: and because (while thus probably much over-rating poetic powers in reserve) I was unwilling that these fugitive pieces should fix a character upon my writings it might be difficult to supersede by any subsequent effort in a higher order of composition. That fanciful regret, if not abated, has, with the considerations from which it sprung, been swallowed up lately by a reality which I deem of more imperious moment than any thing affecting mere *literary* reputation.

One of those British reviews, which, in the absence of an international copyright, do the thinking of this country upon literary matters, and which, you know, are circulated so widely and are of such authority here that it is idle for an American author to refuse to plead to any indictment they may prefer, has recently done me the honor, amid a confused mass of indiscriminate accusations against my countrymen at large, to select me specially and individually for the odious charge of gross and hitherto unheard-of literary dishonesty.*

Now, my dear sir, while it is due to you to relieve you from all responsibility as god-father of these questionable effusions, by publishing them under my own name,—this is likewise the only way by which so sweeping and damnatory a charge can be fully met, without involving myself in egotistical explanations far worse than those I am furnishing here, because they would be endless. I have therefore, as the question is one of *character*, and not of mere literary taste, collected all the pieces by which I have attempted “to hocus the Americans,” that I could lay my hands upon: and though the unconscious imposition has been running on so long that many may have escaped me, yet there are enough of all kinds for the present purpose; which is to give that portion of the abused public who feel any interest in the matter, an opportunity of deciding (not whether it is good poetry, for that is not the question—but) whether they have really been taken in so much after all: whether or not the affecting predicament of the amiable Parisian who spoke *prose* for so many years without knowing it, has found a whimsical counterpart

* “It is reserved for Charles Fenno Hoffman to distance all plagiarists of ancient and modern

in the unconscious use of the *poetry* of others by the writer of these effusions: or whether, finally, they do sometimes—however rarely—(to borrow the language of my friendly reviewer) “possess the property described in the mocking birds—a solitary note of their own.”

I am, dear sir, your friend and servant,

C. F. HOFFMAN.

NEW YORK, *February 22d*, 1844.

times in the enormity and magnitude of his thefts. ‘No American,’ says Mr. Griswold, ‘is comparable to him as a song-writer.’ We are not surprised at the fact, considering the magnitude of his obligations to Moore. Hoffman is Moore hocused for the American market. His songs are *rifacimientos*. The turns of the melody, the flooding of the images, the scintillating conceits—all are Moore. Sometimes he steals the very words. One song begins, ‘Blame not the bowl’—a hint taken from ‘Blame not the bard:’ another ‘One bumper, yet, gallants, at parting.’ Hoffman is like a hand-organ—a single touch sets him off—he wants only the key-note, and he plays away as long as his wind lasts. The resemblance, when it runs into whole lines and verses, is more like a parody than a simple plagiarism. One specimen will be ample.

’T is in moments like this, when each bosom
With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
Like the music that ’s said from the ocean
To rise in the gathering storm,
That her image around us should hover,
Whose name, though our lips ne’er reveal,
We may breathe through the foam of a bumper,
As we drink to the myrtle and steel.

“He had Moore’s measure ringing in his ear, and demanding a simile in the middle of the first quatrain—hence the music from the ocean. The third and fourth lines are an echo of a sound, without the smallest particle of meaning or application in them. They constitute the means, nevertheless, by which Hoffman hocuses the Americans. Drop them out altogether, and, so far as the sense is concerned, the song would be materially improved.”—*Foreign Quarterly Review for January*, 1844.

[The examples given by the reviewer to prove his charge, *perhaps* shake his position, and *possibly* they do not. He is certainly mistaken about the similarity of ‘measure,’ as any one may verify by counting the feet in the different songs mentioned. As for their identity of thought with those delicious things of Moore’s upon which the ingenious reviewer insists they are modelled, any ‘American’ who feels a curiosity to ascertain how far he has been ‘hocused,’ may determine for himself by referring to “Moore’s Melodies”—a work not wholly unknown in this country. H.]

THE VIGIL OF FAITH,

A TALE OF ABORIGINAL MESMERISM.

"He held him with his glittering eye."—COLERIDGE.

I.

'T WAS in the mellow autumn time,
That revel of our masquing clime,
When, as the Indian crone believes,
The rainbow tints of Nature's prime
She in her forest banner weaves;
To show in that bright blazonry,
How the young earth did first supply
Each gorgeous hue that paints the sky,
Or in the sunset billow heaves.

II.

'T WAS in the mellow autumn time,
When, from the spongy swollen swamp,
The lake a darker tide receives;
When nights are growing long and damp;
And at the dawn a glistening rime
Is silver'd o'er the gaudy leaves:
When hunters leave their hill-side camp,
With fleet hound some, the dun-deer rousing,
In 'still-hunt' some, to shoot him browsing;
And close at night their forest tramp,
Where the fat yearling scents their fire,
And, new unto their murderous ways,
Affrighted, feels his life expire
As stupidly he stands at gaze,
Where that wild crew sit late carousing.

III.

'T WAS in the mellow autumn time,
When I, an idler from the town,
With gun and rod was lured to climb
Those peaks where fresh the HUDSON takes
His tribute from an hundred lakes;
Lakes which the sun, though pouring down
His mid-day splendors round each isle,
At eventide so soon forsakes
That you may watch his fading smile
For hours around those summits glow
When all is gray and chill below;

While, in that brief autumnal day,
Still, varying all in feature, they
As through their watery maze you stray
Will yet some wilding beauty show.

IV.

For he beholds, whose footfalls press
The mosses of that wilderness,
Each charm the glorious HUDSON boasts
Through his far reaching strand—
When sweeping from these leafy coasts,
His mighty march he sea-ward takes—
First pictured in those mountain lakes,
All fresh from Nature's hand!
Some broadly flashing to the sun,
Like warrior's shield when first display'd,
Some, dark, as when, the battle done,
That shield oft blackens in the glade.
Round one that on the eye will ope
With many a winding sunny reach,
The rising hills all gently slope
From turfy bank and pebbled beach.
With rocks and ragged forests bound,
Deep set in fir-clad mountain shade,
You trace another where resound
The echoes of the hoarse cascade.

V.

Aweary with a day of toil,
And all uncheer'd with hunter spoil,
Guiding a wet and sodden boat,
With thing, half paddle, half an oar,
I chanced one murky eve to float
Along the grim and ghastly shore
Of such wild water;
Past trees, some shooting from the bank,
With dead boughs dipping in the wave,
And some with trunks moss-grown and dank,
On which the savage, that here drank
A thousand years ago, might grave
His tale of slaughter.

VI.

Gazing amid these mouldering stems,
Through thickets from their ruins starting,
To spy a deer-track, if I could,
I saw the boughs before me parting,
Revealing what seemed two bright gems
Gleaming from out the dusky wood;
And in that moment on the shore,
Just where I brush'd it with my oar,
An aged INDIAN stood!

VII.

Nay! shrink not, lady, from my tale,
Because, erst moved by border story
Thy thoughtful cheek grew still more pale
At images so dire and gory
Nor yet—grown colder since that time—
Cry—half impatient of my rhyme—
“An INDIAN!—why, on theme so trite
There's nothing surely *new* to write?
While I—who shudder'd with surprise
But now at those two glaring eyes—
Laugh at your painted Indian Fright!”

VIII.

Yet so it was, and nothing more;
The deer-stand that I sought was here,
Where too the Indian came for deer;
A civil fellow, seldom drunk,
Who dragg'd my leaky skiff ashore,
And pointed out a fallen trunk,
Where sitting I could spy the brink,
Beneath the gently tilting branches,
And shoot the buck that came to drink
Or wash the black-flies from his haunches.
With this he plunged into the wood,
Saying he on the ‘run-way’ knew
Another stand, and quite as good
If but the night breeze fairly blew.

IX.

So there, like mummied sagamore
I crouch with senses fairly aching,
To catch each sound by wood or shore
Upon the twilight stillness breaking.
I start! that crash of leaves below,
A light hoof surely rattles?—No!
From overhead a dry branch parted.
A plash! ‘Tis but the wavelets tapping
Yon floating log. The partridge drums;
With thrilling ears again I’ve started;
The booming sound at distance hums
Like rushing herds. I start as though
A gang of moose had caught me napping.
And now my straining sight grows dim
While nearer yet the nighthawks skim;
Well, ‘let the hart ungalled play,’
I’ll think of sweet looks far away.—
But no! I list and gaze about,

My rifle to my shoulder clapping
At leap of every truant trout,
Or lotus leaf the water flapping.

X.

An hour went thus without a sign
Of buck or doe in range appearing;
The wind began to crisp the lake,
The wolf to howl from out the brake,
And I to think that boat of mine
Had better soon be campward steering:
When near me through the deepening night
Again I saw those eyes so bright,
And as my swarthy friend drew nigher,
I heard these words pronounced in tone,
Lady, as silken as thine own,
“White man, we’d better make a fire.”

XI.

Our kindling stuff lay near at hand—
Peelings of bark, some half uncoil’d
In flakes, from boughs by age despoil’d,
And some in shreds by rude winds torn;
Dead vines that round the dead trees clung;
Long moss that from their old arms swung,
Tatter’d and stain’d—all weather-worn,
Like funeral weeds hung out to dry,
Or banners drooping mournfully;—
These quickly caught the spark we fann’d.
Branches, that once waved over head,
Now crisply crackling to our tread,
Fed next the greedy flame’s demand.
Lastly a fallen trunk or two—
Which from its weedy lair we drew,
And p’er the blazing brushwood threw—
For savory broil supplied the brand.

XII.

Of hemlock-fir we made our couch,
A bed for cramps and colds consoling;
I had some biscuits in my pouch,
A salmon-trout I’d killed in trolling;
My comrade had some venison dried,
And corn in bear’s lard lately fried:
And on my word, I will avouch
That when we would our stock divide
In equal portions, save the last,
Apicius could not deride
The relish of that night’s repast.

XIII.

We talk’d that night—I love to talk
With these grown children of the wild,
When in their native forest walk,
Confiding, simple as a child,
They lose at times that sullen mood
Which marks the wanderer of the wood,
And in that pliant hour will show
As prodigal and fresh of thought
As genius when its feelings flow
In words by feeling only taught.

XIV.

We talk'd—'twas first of fish and game,
 Of hunters arts to strike the quarry,
 Of portages and lakes whose name,
 As utter'd in his native speech,
 If memory could have hoarded each,
 A portage-labour 'twere to carry.
 Yet one whose length—it is a score
 Of miles perhaps in length or more—
 'Tis glorious to troll,
 I can recall in name and feature
 From dull oblivion's scathe,
 Partly because in trim canoe
 I since have track'd it through and through,
 Partly that from this simple creature
 I heard that night a tale of faith
 Which moved my very soul.

XV.

Yes, INCA-PAH-CHO! though thy name
 Has never flow'd in poet's numbers,
 And all unknown, thy virgin claim
 To wild and matchless beauty, slumbers;
 Yet memory's pictures all must fade
 Ere I forget that sunset view
 When, issuing first from darksome glade
 A day of storms had darker made,
 Thy floating isles and mountains blue,
 Thy waters sparkling far away
 Round craggy point and verdant bay—
 The point with dusky cedars crown'd,
 The bay with beach of silver bound—
 Upon my raptured vision grew.
 Grew every moment, brighter, fairer,
 As I, at close of that wild day,
 Emerging from the forest nearer,
 Saw the red sun his glorious path
 Cleave through the storm-cloud's dying wrath,
 And with one broad triumphant ray
 Upon thy crimson'd waters cast,
 Sink warrior-like to rest at last.

XVI.

"I like Lake INCA-PAH-CHO well,"
 Half mused aloud my wild-wood friend;
 Why, white man, I can hardly tell!
 For fish and deer, at either end
 The rifts are good; but run-ways more
 There are by crooked Iroquois:
 And RACKETT at the time of spearing,
 As well as that for yarding moose,
 Hath both, enough for hunters' use:
 Amid these hills are lakes appearing
 More limpid to the summer's eye;
 In some at night the stars will twinkle
 As if they dropp'd there from the sky
 The pebbled bed below to sprinkle;
 I ply my paddle in them all—
 Of all, at times, a home have made—
 Yet, stranger, when I've thither stray'd

I seem'd to hear the ripples fall
 Each time still sweeter than before
 On INCA-PAH-CHO's* winding shore."

XVII.

There was a sadness in his tone
 His careless words would fain disown;
 Or rather I would say their touch
 Of mournfulness betray'd that much,
 Much more of deep and earnest feeling
 Was through his wither'd bosom stealing:
 For now far back in memory
 So much absorb'd he seem'd to be,
 I'd not molest his reverie;
 And when—in phrase I now forget—
 When I at last the silence broke,
 In the same train of musing yet,
 Watching the while the wreath'd smoke
 Curl from his lighted calumet,
 He thus aloud half pondering spok':—

XVIII.

"Years, years ago, when life was new,
 And long before there was a clearing
 Among these ADIRONDACH HIGHLANDS,
 My chieftain kept his best canoe
 On one of INCA-PAH-CHO's islands—
 The largest, which lies toward the north,
 As you are though the Narrows veering—
 And there had reared his wigwam too,
 A trapper now with years o'erladen,
 He lived there with one only daughter,
 A gentle but still gamesome maiden,
 Who, I have heard, would venture forth,
 Venture upon the darkest night
 Across the broad and gusty water
 To climb that cliff upon the main,
 By some since call'd THE MAIDEN'S REST,
 That foot save hers hath never press'd,
 And watch the camp-fire's distant light,
 Which told that she should see again
 Her hunter when the dawn was bright."

XIX.

He paused—look'd down, then stirr'd the fire,
 He smiled—I did not like that smile,
 As leaning on his elbow nigher
 His bright eyes glared in mine the while.
 And I was glad that scrutiny o'er,
 When neither had misgivings more,
 While he, in earnest now at last,
 Reveal'd his memories of the past.

* 'Inca-pah-cho' (*anglicè*, LINDENMERE) is so called by the Indians from its forests of Bass-wood or American Linden. It is better known perhaps by the insipid name of 'Long Lake;' and is one of that chain of mountain lakes which though closely interlacing with the sources of the Hudson, discharge themselves through Rackett river into the St. Lawrence. They lie on the borders of Essex in Hamilton county, New York.

XX.

"White man, thy look is open, kind,
 Thou scornest not a tale of truth!
 Should I in thee a mocker find,
 'T would shame alike thy blood and youth.
 I trust thee! well, now look upon
 This wither'd cheek and shrunken form!
 Canst think, young man, I was the one
 For whom that maiden dared the storm?
 Yes, often, till a tribesman came—
 It matters not to speak his name—
 A youth as tall, as straight as I,
 As quick his quarry to descry,
 A hunter bold upon his prey
 As ever struck the elk at bay.
 —But thou shalt see him, if thou wilt
 Gaze on the wreck since made by guilt.—

XXI.

"Often she dared to cross the wave
 At midnight in the wildest weather,
 While tempests round the peak would rave
 From which she watch'd for nights together.
 For he, that tribesman whom I loved,
 Yes, loved as if he were my brother;
 Had told her that the woods I roved
 To feed the lodge where dwelt another;
 Another who now cherish'd there
 The child that claim'd a hunter's care;
 Claim'd it upon some distant shore,
 From which I would return no more.

XXII.

"All this in her had wrought no change,
 No anxious doubt, no jealous fear,
 But he meanwhile had words most strange,
 Breathed in my gentle NUL-KAH's ear,
 Which made her wish that I were near:
 Words strange to her, who, simple, true,
 And only love as prosperous knew,
 Shrank from the fitful fantasy,
 Which seeming less like love than hate,
 Would cloud his moody brow when he,
 Gazing on her, arraign'd the fate
 Which could such loveliness create
 Only to work him misery.
 And when she heard that lying tale,
 Her woman's heart could soon discover
 Some double treachery might assail,
 Through him, her unsuspecting lover;
 And Love in fear, now, fearless, brought her
 On errand Love in hope first taught her.

XXIII.

"I came at last. She ask'd me nought—
 It was enough to see me there;
 But of the friend who thus had wrought,
 Though he now streams far distant sought,
 She bade me in the woods beware.

A wound my coming had delay'd,
 And, still too weak to use my gun,
 I set the nets the old chief made;
 Baited his traps in forest glade;
 And sweetly after woo'd the maid
 At evening when my toils were done.

XXIV.

"'T was then I chose a grassy swale,
 In which my wigwam frame to make;
 Shelter'd by crags from northern gale,
 Shaded by boughs, save toward the lake.
 The RED-BIRD's nest above it swung;
 There often the MA-MA-TWA* sung;
 There too, when Spring was backward, first
 Her shrinking blossoms safely burst;
 And there, when autumn leaf was sere,
 Some flowers still stay'd the loitering year.

XXV.

"She learn'd full soon to love the spot,
 For who could see and love it not?
 And there, when I the isle would leave,
 And sometimes now my gun resume,
 She'd shyly steal the mats to weave
 Which were to line our bridal room.
 Happy we were! what love like ours,
 Blossoming thus as fresh and free,
 As unrestrain'd as wild-wood flowers,
 Yet keeping all their purity!

XXVI.

"Happy we were! my secret foe,
 How dread a foe, I knew not then
 Remain'd to fish the streams below
 That into CADARAQUI flow,
 Returning to us only when
 Some kinsman on our bridal morn,
 Impell'd by a mysterious doom
 Which with that fateful man was born,
 Brought him to shroud the day in gloom
 And blast our joys about to bloom.

XXVII.

"Just MANITOU! O may the boat
 That bears him to the spirit land
 For ages on those black waves float
 Which catch no light from off its strand.
 Float blindly there, still laboring on
 Toward shores 't is never doom'd to reach;
 Float there till time itself is gone,
 And when again 't would seek the beach
 From which with that lone soul it started,
 Baffling let *that* before it flee,
 Till hope of rest hath all departed,
 And still when that last hope is gone,
 A guideless thing float on, float on!

* *Vulgate*, "Catbird."

XXVIII.

"The birds of song had sunk to rest;
 The eagle's tireless wing was furl'd;
 On INCA-PAN-CHO's darkening breast
 The last few golden ripples curl'd;
 The distant mountains, bright before,
 Now seem'd to darken more and more
 Against the eastern sky;
 Until a white-pine's slender cone,
 Tapering above the hill-top, shone,
 And show'd the moon was nigh.
 Our friends, they all stood gravely round
 Waiting until that moon should rise,
 The bridal moon whose aspect crown'd
 For good or ill our destinies:
 The signal too, the hour had come,
 When I could claim my bride and home.

XXIX.

"Blushing at that fast-brightening sky,
 When on her father's lodge it shone,
 How did she shrink within, when I
 Would lead that loved one to my own!
 Forth stepp'd e'en then that dismal guest
 Who grimly stood amid the rest,
 And, while his knife he drew,
 With cry that made us all aghast,
 And frantic gesture hurrying past,
 He sprang the threshold through.

XXX.

"A shriek! and I with soul of flame
 Devour'd the fearful space between,
 Another and another came
 E'en while my grip was on his throat,
 Where writhing in the dark unseen,
 His victim in her gore did float!
 And life was oozing through each wound
 That gash'd her lovely form about,
 When hurling him upon the ground,
 I bore her to the light without.

XXXI.

"Aided by that untimely beam,
 Which harbinger'd such bridal woes,
 I watch'd its ebbing current gleam,
 And watching would not, could not deem
 That blessed life's too precious stream
 Growing each moment darker, colder,
 E'en while I to my heart did fold her,
 Already at its close.
 She tried to speak—then press'd my hand,
 And look'd—oh, look'd into my eyes
 As if through them the spirit-land
 Would first upon her vision rise,
 As if her soul that could not stay
 Through mine might only pass away.

XXXII.

"I know not when that look did fade,
 Nor when did fail that dying grasp,

Nor how they loosed the lifeless maid
 Stiffening within love's desperate clasp.
 The sod upon her grave was green,
 The leaflet greening on the oak,
 The autumn and the winter o'er,
 When I once more to sense awoke,—
 Awoke to know some joys had been
 Which now to me could be no more.
 Awoke to know that life to me
 Was henceforth but a *girdled tree*
 Whose tough limbs still must bide the blast
 Until the trunk to earth be cast,
 Though fruit nor blossom ne'er can smile
 Upon those wrestling limbs the while.

XXXIII.

"He still was there, that youth accurst,
 Who thus through blood his end had sought,
 He who, with frenzied love athirst,
 Such wreck of loveliness had wrought.
 He still was there, for while I breathed,
 With sense and feeling almost gone—
 The aged father, thus bereaved,
 Raving the wretch should still live on—
 Of all our friends there was not one
 Would deal the vengeance they believed
 'Twas mine on him to wreak alone.

XXXIV.

"He still was there. 'Twas he that kept
 A nurse's watch while thus I slept:
 Ever and ever by my side,
 With anxious eye and noiseless tread,
 Hanging about my fever'd bed,
 With none he would his task divide;
 Trembling, with jealous fears afraid,
 When near the grave I seem'd to hover,
 Lest that bright land which claim'd the maid
 Was opening too upon her lover.

XXXV.

"And now, when no more languishing,
 My mind and strength became renew'd,
 Amid the balmy airs of spring,
 And I once more could take the wood;
 Think you he fear'd the bloody fate
 Which blood will always expiate?
 Oh no! he look'd too far before—
 Look'd far beyond this fleeting shore,
 Where bliss will die as soon as born!
 He hoped, he blindly trusted, he,
 That on the instant that I woke,
 Revenge would be so fierce in me,
 I'd madly deal some deathful stroke
 Would send his soul where hers was gone!

XXXVI.

"But I—I knew too well his guile,
 'Twas whisper'd me in dreams the while,
 I saw a form about my bed,
 That always shrunk from him with dread:

'T would come by night, 't would come by day,
 But clearest in the moonbeam show,
 'Then alway as it nearer drew
 Ere melting from my wistful view,
 With palm reversed it seem'd to say,
 'If yet thou wilt not with me go,
 Keep him—*Oh keep but him away!*'

XXXVII.

"And did I not? ay, while the knell
 Of youth and hope yet echo'd by,
 Did I not then allay thy fears,
 Perturb'd soul, that his was nigh?
 And o'er the waste of dreary years,
 On which heart-wither'd doom'd to dwell,
 I look with wearying vision back—
 Have I not on that desert track,
 Sweet spirit, kept love's vigil well?
 Oh have I not? Yes—though no more
 I see at night those moon-touch'd fingers,
 Still beckoning as they did of yore;
 And though the features of my love,
 As near me still in dreams she lingers,
 Look bright, as yon bright star above,
 And peaceful, as in that blest time,
 When our young loves were in their prime—
 I know that, from the land of shades,
 When wandering thus to haunt these glades,
 The vigil to her soul is dear
 I kept, and still am keeping here!
 —Enough of this, thou still wouldst know
 How dealt I with my mortal foe!

XXXVIII.

"The stag that snuffs the breeze of morn,
 Where first it lifts the birchen spray,
 Gazing on lakes all newly born
 From valley mists that roll away,
 Treads not the upland fern more free,
 Looks not with eye more bright below,
 Than moved and look'd that man, when he
 Strode forth and stood beneath the tree
 To bide my avenging hatchet's blow:
 The crestless doe, whose faint limbs sink
 Beside the rill to which they bore her—
 Life-stricken on its very brink
 That instant when she'd gasping drink
 From the bright-wave that leaps before her—
 Lies not more lowly and forlorn,
 All stretch'd upon the forest leaves,
 Than near the tree that Outcast lay,
 When, by that gleaming hatchet shorn,
 His warrior-tuft is cleft away,
 And he the living doom receives
 To wander thus where'er he may,
 Of woman and of man the scorn.*

* In some tribes, when the penalty of death is thus changed for that of degradation, the criminal who so regains his forfeited life is considered as *unsexed*. He then becomes the

XXXIX.

"A month went by; the wigwam's smoke
 No more from that cold hearth ascended
 Where the old chief no longer woke
 To woes that with his life were ended:
 A month, and that deserted isle
 Was left alone to me and *her!*
 The summer had begun to smile,
 The winds of June the leaves to stir,
 And flowers, that budded late the while,
 To bloom above her sepulchre:
 Meek, pallid things, grave-nursed below,
 That feebly there as yet would grow,
 Brighter in coming years to blow—
 And where was he whose fell despair
 The Flower of Love laid bleeding there?

XL.

"Shooting from out the leafy land,
 Right opposite our island home,
 There was a narrow neck of sand,
 O'er which the wave, on either hand,
 Would fling at times its crest of foam.
 And here—as I one morning stood
 Upon a rock which faced that beach—
 I saw, wild rushing from the wood,
 Within my loaded rifle's reach,
 A figure that distracted ran
 Until it gain'd the frothy marge,
 And there, an arm'd, kneeling man,
 Bare his broad bosom to my charge!

XLI.

"I stood, but did not raise the gun—
 Although it rattled in my grasp—
 I stood and coldly look'd upon
 The suppliant, who, still lower bent,
 His hands in agony did clasp,
 As if the soul within him pent
 Would rend its penal tenement.
 At last, with low half smother'd cry
 And quivering frame, he gain'd his feet,
 And to the woods began to fly,
 Growing at every step more fleet:
*But from that hour where'er he fled,
 As fleetly I too follow'd!*

XLII.

"One moment was enough to bind
 Firmly my weapons on my head,
 The strait was swum, and far behind
 The crested waves effaced my tread

menial and slave of the first person who chooses to take possession of him, and is obliged to submit to tasks of exposure the most toilsome, and domestic offices the most humiliating; his master or owner (or *husband*, as he is sometimes whimsically called) being permitted to exercise every species of tyrannical cruelty upon him, provided he shed not the blood of the poor wretch who is thus subjected to his caprices. See SCHOOLCRAFT; see also 'The Equawish,' in *Life on the Lakes*, by the Author of 'Legends of a Log Cabin.'

Upon the beach, o'er which I sped
 So swiftly that the forest glade
 At once the wanderer's trail betray'd.
 And though it led o'er rocky ledge,
 Led oft within the pool's black edge,
 'Twas soon reveal'd anew—
 The springy moss just crisping back,
 I saw upon his recent track,
 Nor paused to trace it in the brook,
 Whose alders still behind him shook
 Where he had bounded through.

XLIII.

"And—when again the stream he cross'd,
 Where in its forks, awhile I lost
 His trail, amid the maze
 Of severing rills, and run-ways wound
 About the deer-lick's trampled ground—
 The very living things around,
 Which in these forest depths abound,
 The sable darting from the fern,
 The gliding ermine—each in turn
 His whereabouts betrays:
 From plunging beaver's warning stroke,
 From wood-duck whirring from the oak,
 And screaming loon, alike I learn
 Where lead the wanderer's ways.

XLIV.

"At length within a broken dell,
 Where a gnarl'd beech the tempest's shock
 Had parted from the leaning rock,
 Among its cable roots, he fell;
 Where, panting, soon I saw him lie,
 Shrivelling against the blasted trunk
 With knees drawn up and cowering eye,
 As my avenging tread had shrunk
 The miscreant there as I drew nigh.
 I spoke not—but I gazed upon
 That wolf with fangs and courage gone,
 Gazed on his quailing features till
 Their furtive glance was fix'd by mine,
 And I could see his writhing will
 Her feeble throne to me resign.

XLV.

"He rose an abject, broken man,
 He dared not fight—he dared not fly,
 His very life in my veins ran,
Who would not let him cast it by!
 And still he is the thing that then
 He wilted to, within that glen:
 Living—if life be drawing breath—
 But dead in all that last should die,
 For him there is no farther death
 Till from the earth he withereth.

XLVI.

"I hunt for him—I dress his food,
 I guide his footsteps in the wood,

Or, when alone for game I'd beat,
 Direct where we at night shall meet.
 He cleans my arms—my snow-shoes makes;
 He bales my shallop on the lakes;
 And when with fishing-spear I glide
 At midnight o'er the silent tide,
 'Tis he who holds the pine-knot torch,
 That seems her blazing path to scorch
 Where waves o'er reddening shoals divide.

XLVII.

"With me he now is alway meek,
 But sometimes, chafing in his thrall,
 He to my dog will sharply speak,
 Who comes, or comes not at his call.
 They both are in my camp below,
 From which I now in hunting weather
 For days can often safely go,
 Leaving the two alone together.
 But in those years my watch began
 His limbs were agile as my own,
 And sometimes then the tortured man,
 For weeks beyond my search hath flown,
 In shades more deep to breathe alone.

XLVIII.

"Yet ever in his wildest mood,
 He would some mystic power obey,
 Which from that island's haunted wood
 Ne'er let him wander far away,
 And always soon or late I could
 Steal on him in his solitude:
 While oft, as weaker grew his brain,
 And he forgot God's law of blood,
 I've track'd the poor, bewilder'd thing,
 Wherever he was famishing;
 And snatch'd him o'er and o'er again,
 From death he sought by fell and flood.

XLIX.

"And thus, as crowding seasons changed,
 When many a year was dead and gone,
 I round these lakes in manhood ranged,
 Where yet in age I wander on,
 And still o'er that poor slave I've kept
 A vigil that hath never slept;
 And while upon this earth I stay,
 From *her* I'll still *keep him away*—
 From her whom I at last shall see
 My own, my own eternally!

L.

"White man! I say not that they lie
 Who preach a faith so dark and drear,
 That wedded hearts in yon cold sky
 Meet not as they were mated here.
 But scorning not thy faith, thou must
 Stranger, in mine have equal trust;
 The Red man's faith by Him implanted,
 Who souls to both our races granted.

Thou know'st in life we mingle not,
 Death cannot change our different lot!
 He who hath placed the White man's heaven
 Where hymns in vapoury clouds are chanted,
 To harps by angel fingers play'd;
 Not less on his Red children smiles
 To whom a land of souls is given,
 Where in the ruddy west array'd,
 Brighten our blessed hunting isles.

LI.

"There souls again to youth are born,
 A youth that knows no withering!
 There, blithe and bland, the breeze of morn
 Fresheneth an eternal Spring
 Mid trees, and flowers and waterfalls,
 And fountains bubbling from the moss,
 And leaves that quiver with delight,
 As from their shade the warbler calls,
 Or, choiring, glances to the light
 On wings which never lose their gloss:
 There brooks that bear their buds away,
 From branches that will bend above them,
 So closely they could not but love them,
 To the same bowers again will stray
 From which at first they murmuring sever,
 Still floating back their blossoms to them,
 Still with the same sweet music ever,
 Returning yet once more to woo them:
 There love, like bird and brook and blossom,
 Is young for ever in each bosom!"

LII.

"Those blissful ISLANDS OF THE WEST!
 I've seen, myself, at sunset time,
 The golden lake in which they rest;
 Seen too the barks that bear The Blest

Floating toward that fadeless clime:
 First dark, just as they leave our shore,
 Their sides then brightening more and more,
 Till in a flood of crimson light
 They melted from my straining sight.
 And she, who climb'd the storm-swept steep,
 She who the foaming wave would dare,
 So oft love's vigil here to keep—
 Stranger, albeit thou think'st I dote,
 I know—I know she watches there!
 Watches upon that radiant strand,
 Watches to see her lover's boat
 Approach The Spirit-Land."

LIII.

He ceased, and spoke no more that night,
 Though oft, when chillier blew the blast,
 I saw him moving in the light
 The fire, that he was feeding, cast;
 While I, still wakeful, ponder'd o'er
 His wondrous story more and more.
 I thought, not wholly waste the mind
 Where FAITH so deep a root could find,
 FAITH which both love and life could save,
 And keep the first, in age still fond,
 Thus blossoming this side the grave
 In steadfast trust of fruit beyond.
 And when in after years I stood
 By INCA-PAH-CHO's haunted water,
 Where long ago that hunter woo'd
 In early youth its island daughter,
 And traced the voiceless solitude
 Once witness of his loved one's slaughter—
 At that same season of the leaf
 In which I heard him tell his grief—
 I thought some day I'd weave in rhyme
 That tale of mellow autumn time.

SONGS—EROS AND ANTEROS.

[“ Love, with the ancient sages, if he be not twin-born, yet hath a brother wondrous like him, called Anteros; whom while he seeks all about, his chance is to meet with many false and feigning desires that wander singly up and down in his likeness. By them, in their borrowed garb, is Love often deceived! partly that his eye is not the quickest in this dark region here below (which is not Love's proper sphere), partly out of the simplicity and credulity which is native to him, and embraces and consorts him with those suborned striplings as if they were his mother's own sons. But after awhile, soaring above the shadow of the earth, he discerns that this is not his genuine brother as he imagined; he has no longer the power to hold fellowship with such a personated mate. For that original and fiery virtue given him by fate all on a sudden goes out and leaves him undelified and despoiled of all his force; till finding Anteros at last, he kindles and repairs the almost faded ammunition of his deity by the reflection of a coequal and homogeneal fire.” MILTON.]

I.

They are mockery all—those skies, those skies—
Their untroubled depths of blue—
They are mockery all—these eyes, these eyes,
Which seem so warm and true.
Each tranquil star in the one that lies,
Each meteor glance that at random flies
The other's lashes through;
They are mockery all, these flowers of spring,
Which her airs so softly woo—
And the love to which we would madly cling,
Ay! it is mockery too;
The winds are false which the perfume stir,
And the looks deceive to which we sue,
And love but leads to the sepulchre,
Which the flowers spring to strew.

II.

Why seek her heart to understand,
If but enough thou knowest
To prove that all thy love, like sand,
Upon the wind thou throwest?
The ill thou makest out at last
Doth but reflect the bitter past,
While all the good thou learnest yet
But makes her harder to forget.
What matters all the nobleness
Which in her breast resideth,
And what the warmth and tenderness
Her mien of coldness hideth
If but ungenerous thoughts prevail
When thou her bosom wouldst assail,
While tenderness and warmth doth ne'er
By any chance, toward thee appear?
Sum up each token thou hast won
Of kindred feeling there—

How few for Hope to build upon,

How many for Despair!

And if e'er word or look declareth
Love or aversion, which she beareth,
While of the first, no proof thou hast,
How many are there of the last!

Then strive no more to understand
Her heart, of which thou knowest
Enough to prove thy love, like sand,
Upon the wind thou throwest:
The ill thou makest out at last
Doth but reflect the bitter past,
While all the good thou learnest yet
But makes her harder to forget.

III.

Those eyes—those eyes—I watch them so
While radiant with soul they glow,
To see if one kind glance of feeling
For me is ever from them stealing;
If ever one fond thought arise
To fill with tenderness those eyes,

Sometimes a single beaming look
Will make my pulses leap like brook
Which bounds to meet the sunshine sparkling
Through alders long its current darkling—
Then like that brook in deepening glade
They're given again to gloom and shade.

Those eyes—those eyes—oh, I'll no more
Their cold and fitful light adore!
The flash of mind that's to them given
Is but a borrow'd ray from Heaven;
And not the soft impassion'd glow
To warm its worshippers below.

IV.

'Tis hard to share her smiles with many!
 And while she is so dear to me,
 To fear that I, far less than any,
 Call out her spirit's witchery!
 To find my inmost heart when near her
 Trembling at every glance and tone,
 And feel the while each charm grow dearer
 That will not beam for me alone.

How can she thus, sweet spendthrift, squander
 The treasures one alone can prize!
 How can her eyes to all thus wander,
 When I but live in those sweet eyes!
 Those syren tones so lightly spoken
 Cause many a heart I know to thrill;
 But mine, and only mine, till broken,
 In every pulse must answer still.

V.

Ay! there it is, that winning smile,
 That look that cheats my heart for ever,
 That tone that will my brain beguile
 Till reason from her seat shall sever.
 All, all bewitching, as when last
 I for the twentieth time forswore them,
 Resistless as when first I cast
 My whole adoring soul before them.

Like carrier doves that hurry back
 To the bright home from which they're parted,
 However blind may be their track
 Or far the goal from which they started,—
 So from Love's jesses if e'er free
 I set my thoughts one moment roving,
 Somehow the very next in thee
 They always find their home of loving.

VI.

She loves—but 'tis not me she loves:—
 Not me on whom she ponders,
 When in some dream of tenderness
 Her truant fancy wanders.
 The forms that flit her visions through
 Are like the shapes of old,
 Where tales of Prince and Paladin
 On tapestry are told.
 Man may not hope her heart to win,
 Be his of common mould!
 But I—though spurs are won no more
 Where herald's trump is pealing,
 Nor thrones carved out for 'ladye fayre'
 Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling—
 I loose the falcon of my hopes
 Upon as proud a flight
 As they who hawk'd at high renown,
 In song-ennobled fight
 If *daring* then true love may crown,
 My love she must requite!

VII.

Like one who, on some clouded night,
 When wind and tide attend his bark,
 Waits for the pole-star's steady light
 To shine above the waters dark,
 Will often for its guiding beam
 Mistake some wandering meteor's ray,
 But wilder'd by that fitful gleam
 Doubt yet to launch upon the stream,
 Till wind and tide have passed away,—

So I, if ever Life's dark sea
 Is swept by some propitious gale,
 Look for my guiding light in thee,
 Before I e'er can spread my sail;
 So, while thy smiles deceitful shine,
 Then leave all darker than before,
 I for some surer beacon pine,
 Till breeze and flood no longer mine,
 I'm stranded on the barren shore.

VIII.

I will love her no more!—'tis a waste of the heart,
 This lavish of feeling—a prodigal's part—
 Who, heedless, the treasure a life could not earn
 Squanders forth where he vainly may look for return.

I will love her no more—it is folly to give
 Our best years to one, when for many we live.
 And he who the world will thus barter for one,
 I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more—it is heathenish thus
 To bow to an idol which bends not to us:
 Which heeds not, which hears not, which recks not
 for aught,
 That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love her no more—for no love is without
 Its limit in measure, and mine hath run out,
 She engrosseth it all, and till some she restore,
 Than this moment I love her—how can I love *more*?

IX.

I lied—ah yes, I lied like saucy page—
 Singing that *more* than now I could not love thee!
 Others, like me, may, at thy budding age,
 Hold every feeling in sweet vassalage
 Unto thy charms. But I—by all above me!—
 Will prove thee suzerain of my soul more nearly;
 When Time his arts shall 'gainst thy beauty wage,
 To break their serfdom—serving thee more dearly.

Mark how the sunset, with its parting hues,
 The heaving bosom of yon river staineth!
 To yield those tints the grieving waves refuse,
 Nor yet that purpling light at last will lose
 Till Night itself, like Death, above them reigneth!
 So *more* and *more* will brighten to the last
 The light, which once upon my true soul cast,
 Reflected there, still true till death remaineth.

X.

I do not love thee—by my word I do not!
 I do not love thee—for thy love I sue not
 And yet, I fear, there's hardly one that weareth
 Thy beauty's chains, who like me for thee careth:
 Who joys like me when in thy joy believing—
 Who like me grieves when thou dost seem but griev-
 ing.

But, though I charms so perilous eschew not,
 I do not love thee—trust me that I do not!

I do not love thee!—pr'ythee why so coy, then?
 Doth it thy maiden bashfulness annoy, then?
 Sith the heart's homage still will be up-welling,
 Where Truth and Goodness have so sweet a dwell-
 ing?

Surely, unjust one, I were less than mortal,
 Kneel I not thus before that temple's portal.
 Others dare to love thee—dare what I do not—
 Then let me worship, bright one, while I woo not!

XI.

I know thou dost love me—ay! frown as thou wilt,
 And curl that beautiful lip
 Which I never gaze on without the guilt
 Of burning its dew to sip:
 I know that my heart is reflected in thine,
 And, like flowers that over a brook incline,
 They toward each other dip.

Though thou lookest so cold in these halls of light,
 Mid the careless, proud, and gay,
 I will steal like a thief in thy heart at night,
 And pilfer its thoughts away.
 I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,
 And thy soul in secret shall own the power
 It dares to mock by day.

XII.

I ask not what shadow came over her heart,
 In the moment I thought her my own—
 If love in that moment could really depart,
 I mourn not such love when 't is flown.
 I ask not what shadow came over her then,
 What doubt did her bosom appal,
 For I know where her heart will turn truly again,
 If it ever turn truly at all!

It is not at once that the reed-bird takes wing,
 When the tide rises high round her nest,
 But again and again, floating back, she will sing
 O'er the spot where her love-treasures rest:
 And oh, when the surge of distrust would invade,
 Where the heart hoped for ever to dwell,
 Love long upon loitering pinion is stay'd,
 Ere his wing waves a mournful farewell.

XIII.

I waited for thee—but all restless waited,
 For soul like mine it ever must be moving;

I knew one spirit with my own was mated,
 Yet I mistook that restlessness for loving:
 Of mine own nature an ideal created,
 And loved because I only thus was fated.

Fated, bewilder'd thus in thought and feeling,
 To waste the freshness of my soul away,
 To see each bud of spring in turn revealing
 But canker'd blooms upon a fruitless spray,—
 Why marvel then in prayer I oft am kneeling,
 Sweet minister of grace! to bless thy spirit-healing?

XIV.

Do I not love thee? Thou knowest I do;
 And even while feigning to doubt me,
 Thou knowest my heart is so tender and true
 It would wither in heaven without thee.
 Then why, while the spirit of bliss is abroad
 In the blue of the sky and the balm of the flowers,
 Should the demon Distrust with his visage abhorr'd
 Scare affection from hearts so united as ours?

Do I not love thee!—Oh think but how long
 Has the soul that should kindle for glory
 Been wasted away in the breath of a song,
 Consuming alone to adore thee.
 Then why, dearest, why should a cloud of distrust
 Come thy love-breathing censor to smother,
 When thou knowest my soul, if once dimm'd by
 thee, must
 Be silent and cold to each other?

XV.

Nay, plead not thou art dull to-night,
 When I can see the tear-drop stealing,
 Soft witness to love's watchful sight,
 Some lurking grief within revealing.
 Wouldst thou so cheat the friend thou lovest
 Of half the wealth he owns in thee?
 Why, sweet one, by that smile thou provest
 Thy tears as well belong to me!

Ah, tears again!—well, let them flow,
 In tenderness thus flow for ever,
 Those last upon my breast I know
 Fresh from affection's fruitful river.
 What! smiles once more!—Sweet April wonder,
 Thy sun and rain thou wilt not miss;
 Why should not I then have my thunder,
 And melt each bolt into a kiss?

XVI.

Life seems to thee more earnest, dearest!
 And is it not the same with me?
 Why, sweet, each shadow that thou fearest
 To me becomes reality—
 A thought—a pang to mar my gladness,
 And cloud my brow with tender sadness—
 And all of loving thee!

The jest from which thou often turnest
 Is only love's fond thoughtless guile,

And comes from heart in love most earnest
 When it would make thee smile—
 Is but the stream's bright circles breaking
 Above thy dropping griefs—which aching
 My bosom holds the while.

XVII.

Thou ask'st me why that thought of death
 Should rise within our souls the same—
 Why now, when dearest grows each breath
 Of life, we shrink not at his name?
 What is it, sweet, but faith in each
 The other could not live alone?
 What but the wish at once to reach
 The land where change is never known?

As, parted here, we dare not think
 Of wearying years to come between,
 Nay, start not, love, as on the brink
 Of what may be—as it hath been—
 We only part like twin-born rays
 Diverging from the morning sun,
 Again within his orb to blaze
 When fused in heaven into one.

XVIII.

Ask me not why I should love her,
 Look upon those soul-full eyes!
 Look while mirth or feeling move her,
 And see there how sweetly rise
 Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast
 Which is of innocence the nest—
 Which, though each joy were from it shred,
 By truth would still be tenanted!

See from those sweet windows peeping,
 Emotions tender, bright, and pure,
 And wonder not the faith I'm keeping
 Every trial can endure!
 Wonder not that looks so winning
 Still for me new ties are spinning;
 Wonder not that heart so true
 Keeps mine from ever changing too.

XIX.

Where dost thou loiter, Spring,
 Whilst it behoveth
 Thee to cease wandering
 Where'er thou rovest,
 And to my lady bring
 The flowers she loveth.

Come with thy melting skies
 Like her cheek blushing,
 Come with thy dewy eyes
 Where founts are gushing;
 Come where the wild bee hies
 When dawn is flushing.

Lead her where by the brook
 The first blossom keepeth,

Where, in the shelter'd nook,
 The callow bud sleepeth;
 Or with a timid look
 Through its leaves peepeth.

Lead her where on the spray
 Blithely carolling,
 First birds their roundelay
 For my lady sing—
 But keep, where'er she stray,
 True-love blossoming.

XX.

While he thou lovest were not the same
 If scatheless all from passion's flame,
 Wouldst thou the temper'd steel forego
 At thought of what hath made it so?
 Wouldst thou have bann'd the sun to shine
 In spring upon thy chosen pine,
 And dwarf'd the stature of the tree
 That thus had never shelter'd thee?

Think'st thou the dream by fancy sent,
 The fervor by wild passion lent—
 Think'st thou the wandering tenderness
 That yearns each loving heart to bless—
 That either, or that all can be
 The love my soul still kept for thee?
 Still faithful kept, till thou or death
 Should come to claim her inmost breath!

XXI.

Sleeping! why now sleeping?
 The moon herself looks gay,
 While through thy lattice peeping;
 Wilt not her call obey?
 Wake, love, each star is keeping
 For thee its brightest ray;
 And languishes the gleaming
 From fire-flies now streaming
 Athwart the dewy spray.

Awake, the skies are weeping
 Because thou art away,
 But if of me thou'rt dreaming,
 Sleep, loved one, while you may;
 And music's wings shall hover
 Softly thy sweet dreams over,
 Fanning dark thoughts away,
 While, dearest, 'tis thy lover
 Who'll bid each bright one stay.

XXII.

Thoughts—wild thoughts! oh why will ye wander,
 Wander away from the task that's before ye?
 Heart—weak heart! oh why art thou fonder,
 Fonder of her than ever of glory?
 What though the laurel for thee hath no glitter,
 What though thy soul never yearn'd for a name:
 When did Love garland a brow that was fitter
 To wake in Love's bosom the wild wish of fame?

Doth she not watch o'er thine every endeavor ?

Leans not her heart in warm faith on thine own ?

If thou sit doubting and dreaming for ever,

'Too late thou 'lt discover that her dream is flown !

Ay ! though each thought that is tender and glowing

Hath yet no errand, save only to her—

She may forget thee, while time is thus flowing ;

'Thou waste thy worship—fond idolater !

XXIV.

Think of me, dearest, when day is breaking

Away from the sable chains of night,

When the sun, his ocean-couch forsaking,

Like a giant first in his strength awaking,

Is flinging abroad his limbs of light ;

As the breeze that first travels with morning forth,

Giving life to her steps o'er the quickening earth—

As the dream that has cheated thy soul through the night,

Let me come fresh in thy thoughts with the light.

Think of me, dearest, when day is sinking

In the soft embrace of twilight gray,

When the starry eyes of heaven are winking,

And the weary flowers their tears are drinking,

As they start like gems on the star-lit spray.

Let me come warm in thy thoughts at eve,

As the glowing track which the sunbeams leave,

When they, blushing, tremble along the deep

While stealing away to their place of sleep.

Think of me, dearest, when round thee smiling

Are eyes that melt while they gaze on thee ;

When words are winning and looks are wiling,

And those words and looks, of *others*, beguiling

Thy fluttering heart from love and me.

Let me come true in thy thoughts in that hour ;

Let my trust and my faith—my devotion—have power,

When all that can lure to thy young soul is nearest,

To summon each truant thought back to me, dearest.

XXV.

Why should I murmur lest she may forget me ?

Why should I grieve to be by her forgot ?

Better, then, wish that she had never met me,

Better, oh far, she should remember not !

Yet that sad wish—oh, would it not come o'er her

Know she the heart on which she now relies ?

Strong it is only in beating to adore her—

Faint in the moment her loved image flies !

Why should I murmur lest she may forget me ?

Would I not rather be remember'd not

Ere have her grieve that she had ever met me ?

I only suffer if I am forgot !

XXVI.

"Trust in thee?" Ay, dearest! there's no one but must,

Unless truth be a fable, in such as thee trust !

For who can see heaven's own hue in those eyes,

And doubt that truth with it came down from the skies ;

While each thought of thy bosom, like morning's young light,

Almost ere 'tis born, flashes there on his sight ?

"Trust in thee?" Why, bright one, thou couldst not betray,

While thy heart and thine eyes are for ever at play !

And he who unloving can study the one,

Is so certain to be by the other undone,

That if he care aught for his quiet, he must,

Like me, my own dearest, in both of them trust.

XXVII.

They say that thou art alter'd, Amy,

They say that thou no more

Dost keep within thy bosom, Amy,

The faith that once it wore ;

They tell me that another now

Doth thy young heart assail ;

They tell me, Amy, too, that thou

Dost smile on his love tale.

But I—I heed them not, my Amy,

Thy heart is like my own ;

And still enshrined in mine, my Amy,

Thine image lives alone :

Whate'er a rival's hopes have fed,

Thy soul cannot be moved

Till he shall plead as I have plead,

And love as I have loved.

XXVIII.

Take back then thy pledges,—and peace to that heart

In which faith like a shadow can come and depart !

From which love, that seems cherish'd most fondly to-day,

Is cast, without grieving, to-morrow away.

Such a heart it may sadden mine own to resign,

But it never was mated to mingle with mine.

Love another ! Nay, shrink not—more wisely thou wilt

If truth to thy plighted in thine eyes be guilt.

I claim not, I ask not one thought in thy breast

While that thought brings misgiving and doubt to the rest.

If the heart that thus fails thee can bid me depart,

Take back all love's pledges,—and peace to that heart !

XXIX.

They tell me that my trusting heart
 Thy fondness is deceived in ;
 They say that thou all faithless art
 Whom I so well believed in !
 I heed not, reckon not what they say
 So earnestly about thee ;
 I'd rather trust my soul away
 Than for one moment doubt thee.
 Like mine thy youth was early lost ;
 Thy vows too rashly plighted ;
 Thy budding life by wintry frost
 Of grief untimely, blighted.
 Devotion is most deep and pure
 In souls by sorrow shaded,
 And love like ours will still endure
 When brighter ties have faded.

XXX.

Alas ! if she be false to me
 It is for her alone I weep !
 'Tis that in coming years I see
 Her sufferings from such frailty
 Than *mine*, oh, far more deep !
 So tender, yet so false withal,
 So proud, and yet so frail,
 Responding to each flatterer's call,
 Loving, yet often blind to all
 Of love that could not fail—
 Oh who will watch her wayward soul,
 Who minister when I am gone,
 Who point her spirit to its goal,
 Who with unwearying love console
 That truth-abandon'd one ?

XXXI.

Withering—withering—all are withering—
 All of hope's flowers that youth hath nursed ;
 Flowers of love too early blossoming ;
 Buds of ambition, too frail to burst.
 Faintly—faintly—oh ! how faintly
 I feel life's pulses ebb and flow :
 Yet, Sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily
 With one who should not wish to live more.
 Nay ! why, young heart, thus timidly shrinking ?
 Why doth thy upward wing thus tire ?
 Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,
 When they should only waft thee higher ?

Upward—upward, let them be waving
 Lifting thy soul toward her place of birth :
 There are guerdons there more worth thy having,
 Far more than any these lures of earth.

XXXII.

I knew not how I loved thee—no !
 I knew it not till all was o'er—
 Until thy lips had told me so—
 Had told me I must love no more !
 I knew not how I loved thee !—yet
 I long had loved thee wildly well ;
 I thought 'twere easy to forget—
 I thought a word would break the spell :
 And even when that word was spoken,
 Ay ! even till the very last,
 I thought, that spell of faith once broken,
 I could not long lament the past.
 O, foolish heart ! O, feeble brain,
 That love could thus deceive—subdue !
 Since hope cannot revive again,
 Why cannot memory perish too ?

XXXIII.

The conflict is over, the struggle is past,
 I have look'd—I have loved—I have worshipp'd my
 last ;
 And now back to the world, and let fate do her
 worst
 On the heart that for thee such devotion hath
 nursed—
 To thee its best feelings were trusted away,
 And life hath hereafter not one to betray.
 Yet not in resentment thy love I resign ;
 I blame not—upbraid not, one motive of thine ;
 I ask not what change has come over thy heart,
 I reckon not what chances have doom'd us to part ;
 I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more,
 And I still must obey where I once did adore.
 Farewell, then, thou loved one—oh ! loved but too
 well,
 Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell—
 Farewell ! thou hast trampled love's faith in the
 dust,
 Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its
 trust !
 But if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
 I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell !

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The gray-beard of his pinions
To drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

ROSALIE CLARE.

Who owns not she's peerless—who calls her not fair—

Who questions the beauty of Rosalie Clare?
Let him saddle his courser and spur to the field,
And though harness'd in proof, he must perish or yield;

For no gallant can splinter—no charger may dare
The lance that is couch'd for young Rosalie Clare.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board
Sparkles high, while the flood of the red grape is pour'd,

And fond wishes for fair ones around offer'd up
From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup,—
What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,
Or is whisper'd more warmly, than Rosalie Clare?

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine—
Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine;—
Of the Houris that gladden the East with their smiles,

Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles;

But what flower of far away clime can compare
With the blossom of ours—bright Rosalie Clare?

Who owns not she's peerless—who calls her not fair?

Let him meet but the glances of Rosalie Clare!
Let him list to her voice—let him gaze on her form—

And if, hearing and seeing, his soul do not warm,
Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air
Than that which is bless'd by sweet Rosalie Clare.

THE INVITATION.

Wend, love, with me, to the deep woods wend,
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
Where no watching eye shall over us bend,
Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.
Thou shalt gather from buds of the oriole's hue,
Whose flaming wings round our pathway flit,
From the saffron orchis and lupin blue,
And those like the foam on my courser's bit.

One steed and one saddle us both shall bear,
One hand of each on the bridle meet;
And beneath the wrist that entwines me there,
An answering pulse from my heart shall beat.
I will sing thee many a joyous lay,
As we chase the deer by the blue lake-side,
While the winds that over the prairie play
Shall fan the cheek of my woodland bride.

Our home shall be by the cool, bright streams,
Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat,
And our hearth shall smile like the sun's warm gleams
Through the branches around our lodge that meet.

Then wend with me, to the deep woods wend,
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
Where no watching eye shall over us bend,
Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.

THE MINT JULEP.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old
 (And who the bright legend profanes with a
 doubt),

One night, mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
 That his last butt of nectar had somehow run
 out !

But determined to send round the goblet once more,
 They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
 In composing a draught, which, till drinking were
 o'er,

Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
 And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued
 grain,

And which first had its birth from the dew of the
 morn,

Was taught to steal out in bright dewdrops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
 Were scatter'd profusely in every one's reach,
 When call'd on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
 Express'd the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled while Venus look'd on
 With glances so fraught with sweet magical
 power,

That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
 Has never been miss'd in the draught from that
 hour.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
 And with roseate fingers press'd down in the
 bowl,

All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
 The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.

The draught was delicious, and loud the acclaim,
 Though something seemed wanting for all to be-
 wail ;

But JULEPS the drink of immortals became,
 When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

WAKE, LADY, WAKE.

WRITTEN FOR AN AIR IN DER FREISCHUTZ.

Wake, Lady, wake ! the stars on high
 Are twinkling in the vaulted sky,
 The dewdrops on the leafy spray
 Are trembling in the moon's cold ray ;
 But what to me are dewy skies,
 And moon and stars, unless thine eyes
 Will waken, to rival the heaven's blue,
 And the stars and moon in their brightness too ?

Wake, Lady, wake ! the murmuring breeze
 Is soft among the swaying trees ;
 And with the sound of brooks is heard
 The note of evening's lonely bird :

But thy loved voice is sweeter far,
 Than whispering woods, or breezes are,
 Or the silver sound of the tinkling rill,
 Or the plaintive call of the whippoorwill.

Wake, Lady, or my heart alone
 Will like a lute that's lost its tone
 To nature's touch refuse to sound,
 While all her works rejoice around :
 How can I prize the brightest spot,
 If I am there, but thou art not ?
 Then while through thy lattice the moonbeams
 break,
 'Tis thy lover that calls thee, wake, Lady, wake !

THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

One bumper yet, gallants, at parting,
 One toast ere we arm for the fight ;
 Fill round, each to her he loves dearest—
 'Tis the last he may pledge her, to-night !
 Think of those who of old at the banquet
 Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
 The patriot heroes who hallow'd
 The entwining of Myrtle and Steel !
 Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
 Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid
 Fill a round to the Myrtle and Steel.

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
 With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
 Like the music that's said from the ocean
 To rise ere the gathering storm,*
 That her image around us should hover,
 Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
 We may breathe through the foam of a bumper,
 As we drink to the Myrtle and Steel.
 Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
 Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid
 Fill a round to the Myrtle and Steel.

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing
 To marshal the host for the fray,
 Where our flag, to the firmament springing,
 Flames over the battle array :
 Yet, gallants—one moment—remember,
 When your sabres the death-blow would deal,
 That MERCY wears *her* shape who's cherish'd
 By lads of the Myrtle and Steel.
 Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
 Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid
 Fill a round to the Myrtle and Steel.

* In Pascagoula Bay strange music is heard when certain winds prevail. Naturalists attribute the phenomenon to the vibration of the 'horns' of catfish, which at such times congregate in large schools.

MY BIRCHEN BARK.

My birchen bark, my birchen bark !

When Fortune first made Love a rover,
He shaped it for his own trim ark
To float Care's deluge gaily over.

Then leave the boasting pioneer

To hew his skiff from yonder pine,

And, dearest, with young Love to steer,

Become a passenger in mine :

In swan-like grace thy form resembling—

With joy beneath thy sweet limbs trembling—

For lightsome heart, oh, such a boat

On summer wave did never float !

Think'st thou, my love, that painted barge,

With gaudy pennant flaunting o'er her,

Could kiss, like *her*, the flowery marge,

Nor break the foam-bells form'd before her ?

Look, sweet, the very lotus-cup,

Trembling as if with bliss o'erbrimm'd,

Seem'd now almost to buoy her up

As o'er the heart-shaped leaves we skimm'd—

Those floating hearts, beside their flowers,

Half bear the boat and both of ours !

For lightsome heart, oh, such a boat

On summer wave did never float !

LE FAINEANT.

"Now arouse thee, Sir Knight, from thine indolent
case,

Fling boldly thy banner abroad in the breeze,
Strike home for thy lady—strive hard for the prize,
And thy guerdon shall beam from her love-lighted
eyes !"

"I shrink not the trial," that bluff knight replied—

"But I battle—not *I*—for an unwilling bride ;
Where the boldest may venture to do and to dare,
My pennon shall flutter—my bugle peal there !

"I quail not at aught in the struggle of life,
I'm not all unproved even now in the strife,
But the wreath that I win, all unaided—alone,
Round a faltering brow it shall never be thrown !"

"Now fie on thy manhood, to deem it a sin
That she loveth the glory thy falchion might win,
Let them doubt of thy prowess and fortune no more ;
Up ! Sir Knight, for thy lady—and do thy devoir !"

"She hath shrunk from my side, she hath fail'd in
her trust,

Not relied on my blade, but remember'd its rust ;
It shall brighten once more in the field of its fame,
But it is not for her I would now win a name."

The knight rode away, and the lady she sigh'd,
When he featly as ever his steed would bestride,
While the mould from the banner he shook to the
wind

Seem'd to fall on the breast he left aching behind.

But the rust on his glaive and the rust in his heart
Had corroded too long and too deep to depart,
And the brand only brighten'd in honor once more,
When the heart ceased to beat on the fray-trampled
shore.

THE BROOK AND THE PINE.

Tell me, fair Brook, that long hast sung,

To yonder Pine hast sung so sweetly—

Are its wild arms more near thee flung,

When night their motion veils completely ?

Or, for the morn's caressing rays

Still eager, will it toss its boughs,—

Like hearts that only beat for praise,

All heedless of affection's vows ?

I never pause—the Brook replied—

To know how near it bends above me,

I cannot help, whate'er betide,

To sing for one I fain would love me ;

My song flows on, and still must flow,

My chosen Pine with truth to bless,

Though rippling pebbles sometimes show

The brook athirst with tenderness :

Nay more—when thus, while troublous, oft

My wavelets flash some ray redeeming,

I think but of the Pine aloft,

Which first will proudly hail its beaming !

And, wasted thus, a joy it is

To know my Pine,—refresh'd and bright,

While I distill'd each dewy kiss—

Is worthy of all glorious light !

"L'AMOUR SANS AILES."

Young Love, when tender mood beset him,

One morn to Lilla's casement flew,

Who raised it just so far to let him

Blow half his fragrant kisses through.

Love brought no perch on which to rest,

And Lilla had not one to give him,

And now the thought her soul distress'd

What should she do?—where should she leave
him ?

Love maddens to be thus half caught,

His struggle Lilla's pain increases ;

"He'll fly—he'll fly away (she thought),

Or beat himself and wings to pieces."

"His wings! why them I do not want—

The restless things make all this pother :

Love tries to fly, but finds he can't,

And nestles near her like a brother.

Plumeless, we call him *Friendship* now ;

Love smiles at acting such a part—

But what cares he for lover's vow

While thus *perdu* near Lilla's heart ?

THE YACHTER.

My bark is my courser so gallant and brave;
Like a steed of the prairie she bounds o'er the
wave,

And the breast of the billow as onward I roam,
Swelling proudly to meet her is fleck'd by her foam.

Like the winds which her canvass exultingly fill,
I float as I list, and I rove as I will;
The breeze cannot baffle, for with it I veer,
Or in the wind's eye like the petrel I steer.

O'er the pages of story the student may pore,
The trumpet the soldier may charm to the war,
In the forest the hunter his heaven may see,
But the bounding blue water and shallop for me.

With no haven before me—beneath me my home—
All heaven around me wherever I roam,
I am free—I am free as the shrill piping gale,
That whistles its music as onward I sail.

NO MORE—NO MORE.

No more—no more of song to-night;

Oh, let no more thy music flow!

Those notes that once could wake delight,

Come o'er me like a spirit-blight,

A breathing of the faded past,

Whose freshest hopes to earth were cast

Long, long ago.

A livelier strain? nay, play instead,

That movement wild and low,

That chanting for the early dead

Which best besems spring blossoms fled,

A requiem for each tender ray

That from life's morning stole away

Long, long ago.

ANACREONTIC.

Blame not the Bowl—the fruitful Bowl!

Whence wit, and mirth, and music spring,

And amber drops elysian roll.

To bathe young Love's delighted wing.

What like the grape Osiris gave

Makes rigid age so lithe of limb?

Illumines memory's tearful wave,

And teaches drowning hope to swim?

Did Ocean from his radiant arms

To earth another Venus give,

He ne'er could match the mellow charms

That in the breathing beaker live.

Like burning thoughts which lovers hoard

In characters that mock the sight,

Till some kind liquid, o'er them pour'd,

Brings all their hidden warmth to light—

Are feelings bright, which, in the cup

Though graven deep, appear but dim,

Till fill'd with glowing Bacchus up,

They sparkle on the foaming brim.

Each drop upon the first you pour

Brings some new tender thought to life,

And as you fill it more and more,

The last with fervid soul is rife.

The island fount, that kept of old

Its fabled path beneath the sea,

And fresh, as first from earth it roll'd,

From earth again rose joyously;

Bore not beneath the bitter brine,

Each flower upon its limpid tide,

More faithfully than in bright wine,

Our hearts will toward each other glide.

Then drain the cup, and let thy soul

Learn, as the draught delicious flies,

Like pearls in the Egyptian's bowl,

Truth beaming at the bottom lies.

THE LOVE TEST.

I thought she was wayward—inconstant in part,
But thought not the weakness e'er reach'd to her
heart;

'Twas a lightness of mood which but tempted a
lover

The more the true way to that heart to discover.

What changeful seem'd there, was the play of the
wave

Which veileth the depth of the firm ocean cave;

I cared not how fitful that light wave might flow,

I would dive for the pearl of affection below.

I won it, methought! and now welcome the strife,

The burthen, the toil, the worst struggles of life;

Come trouble—come sorrow—come pain and de-
spair,

We divide ills, that each for the other would bear!

I believed—I could SWEAR there was that in her
breast,

That soul of wild feeling, which needs but the test,

To leap like a falchion—bright, glowing, and true,

To the hand which its worth and its temper best
knew.

And what was the struggle which tested love's
power?

What fortune, so soon, could bring trial's dark hour?

Did some shadow of evil first make her heart quail?

Or the worst prove at once that her truth could
ne'er fail?

I painted it sternly, the lot she might share!

I took from Love's wing all the gloss it may bear;

I told her how often his comrade is CARE!

I appeal'd to her heart—and her heart it was—
WHERE?

SONG OF THE DROWNED.

Down, far down, in the waters deep,
Where the booming surges above us sweep,
Our revels from night till morn we keep:
And though with us the cap goes round
Upon every shore where the blue waves sound,
Yet here, as it passes from lip to lip,
Alone is found true fellowship;
For only the Dead, where'er they range,
'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

What boots your pledges, ye sons of Earth;
Or to whom ye drink in your hours of mirth,
When gather'd around your festal hearth?
Ye fill to love! and the toast ye give
Will hardly the fumes of your wine outlive!
To friendship fill! and its tale is told,
Almost ere the pledge on your lip grows cold!
For only the Dead, where'er they range,
'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

Then come, when the 'bolt of death is hurl'd,'
Come down to us from that bleak, bleak world,
Where the wings of Sorrow are never furled:
Come, and we'll drink to the shades of the past;
To the hopes that mock'd in life to the last;
To the lips and eyes we once did adore,
And the loves that in death can delude no more!
For the Dead, the Dead, wherever they range,
'Tis only the dead who never change.

MORNING HYMN.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow'd.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
Utter'd again his fiat forth,
And shed the Gospel's light abroad.
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flushes the signal light for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watch'd above thy sleeping soul,
To Him, whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

THE SLEIGH BELLS.

Merrily, merrily sound the bells
As o'er the ground we roll,
And the snow-drift breaks in silvery flakes
Before our cariole.
When wrapp'd in buffalos soft and warm,
With mantle and tippet dight,
We cheerily cleave the fleecy storm,
Or skim in the cold moonlight.
Merrily, merrily! Merrily, merrily!
Merrily sound the bells.

Merrily, merrily sound the bells
Upon the wind without,
When the wine is mull'd and the waffle cull'd,
And the song is pass'd about.
While rosy lips and dimpled cheeks
The welcome joke inspire,
And mirth in many a bright eye speaks
Around the hickory fire,
Merrily, merrily! Merrily, merrily!
Merrily sound the bells.

BOAT SONG.

We court no gale with wooing sail,
We fear no squall a-brewing;
Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff,
Alike our course pursuing.
For what to us are winds, when thus
Our merry boat is flying,
While, bold and free, with jocund glee,
Stout hearts her oars are plying!

At twilight dun, when red the sun
Far o'er the water flashes,
With buoyant song, our bark along
His crimson pathway dashes.
And when the night devours the light,
And shadows thicken o'er us,
The stars steal out, the skies about,
To dance to our bold chorus.

Sometimes, near shore, we ease our oar,
While beauty's sleep invading,
To watch the beam through her casement gleam,
As she wakes to our serenading;
Then, with the tide, we floating glide
To music soft, receding,
Or drain one cup, to her fill'd up,
For whom these notes are pleading.

Thus, on and on, till the night is gone,
And the garish dawn is breaking;
While landmen sleep, we boatmen keep
The soul of frolic waking.
And though cheerless then our craft look, when
To her moorings day hath brought her,
By the moon again she is launch'd again,
To dance o'er the merry water.

ROOM, BOYS, ROOM.

There was an old hunter
 Camp'd down by the rill,
 Who fish'd in this water,
 And shot on that hill.
 The forest for him had
 No danger, nor gloom,
 For all that he wanted
 Was plenty of room!
 Says he, "The world's wide,
 There is room for us all;
 Room enough in the green-wood,
 If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
 For why should n't every man enjoy his own room?"

He wove his own nets,
 And his shanty was spread
 With the skins he had dress'd
 And stretch'd out overhead;
 Fresh branches of hemlock
 Made fragrant the floor,
 For his bed, as he sung
 When the daylight was o'er,
 "The world's wide enough,
 There is room for us all;
 Room enough in the green-wood,
 If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
 For why should n't every man enjoy his own room?"

That spring now half choked
 By the dust of the road,
 Under boughs of old maples
 Once limpidly flow'd;
 By the rock whence it bubbles
 His kettle was hung,
 Which their sap often fill'd,
 While the hunter he sung,
 "The world's wide enough,
 There is room for us all;
 Room enough in the green-wood,
 If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
 For why should n't every man enjoy his own room?"

And still sung the hunter—
 When one gloomy day,
 He saw in the forest
 What sadden'd his lay,—
 A heavy wheel'd wagon
 Its black rut had made,
 Where fair grew the greenward
 In broad forest glade—
 "The world's wide enough,
 There is room for us all;
 Room enough in the green-wood,
 If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
 For why should n't every man enjoy his own room?"

He whistled to his dog,
 And says he, "We can't stay;
 I must shoulder my rifle,
 Up traps, and away."
 Next day, mid those maples,
 The settler's axe rung,
 While slowly the hunter
 Trudged off as he sung,
 "The world's wide enough,
 There is room for us all;
 Room enough in the green-wood,
 If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
 For why should n't every man enjoy his own room?"

LOVE AND FAITH.

'T was on one morn in springtime weather,
 A rosy, warm, inviting hour,
 That Love and Faith went out together,
 And took the path to Beauty's bower.
 Love laugh'd and frolick'd all the way,
 While sober Faith, as on they rambled,
 Allow'd the thoughtless boy to play,
 But watch'd him, wheresoe'er he gamboll'd.

So warm a welcome, Beauty smiled
 Upon the guests whom chance had sent her,
 That Love and Faith were both beguiled
 The grotto of the nymph to enter;
 And when the curtains of the skies
 The drowsy hand of Night was closing,
 Love nestled him in Beauty's eyes,
 While Faith was on her heart reposing.

Love thought he never saw a pair
 So softly radiant in their beaming;
 Faith deem'd that he could meet no where
 So sweet and safe a place to dream in;
 And there, for life in bright content,
 Enchain'd, they must have still been lying,
 For Love his wings to Faith had lent,
 And Faith he never dream'd of flying.

But Beauty, though she liked the child,
 With all his winning ways about him,
 Upon his Mentor never smiled,
 And thought that Love might do without him;
 Poor Faith abused, soon sighing fled,
 And now one knows not where to find him;
 While mourning Love quick followed
 Upon the wings he left behind him.

'T is said, that in his wandering
 Love still around that spot will hover,
 Like bird that on bewilder'd wing
 Her parted mate pines to discover;
 And true it is that Beauty's door
 Is often by the idler haunted;
 But, since Faith fled, Love owns no more
 The spell that held his wings enchanted.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

You give up the world! why, as well might the sun,

When tired of drinking the dew from the flowers,
While his rays, like young hopes, stealing off one by one,

Die away with the muezzin's last note from the towers,

Declare that he never would gladden again,
With one rosy smile, the young morn in its birth;
But leave weeping Day, with her sorrowful train
Of hours, to grope o'er a pall-cover'd earth.

The light of that soul, once so brilliant and steady,
So far can the incense of flattery smother,
That, at thought of the world of hearts conquer'd already,

Like Macedon's madman, you weep for another?
O! if sated with this, you would seek worlds untried,

And fresh as was ours, when first we began it,
Let me know but the sphere where you next will abide,

And that instant, for one, I am off for that planet.

—
BUFF AND BLUE.

Oh bold and true,

In buff and blue,

Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.

In fort or field,

Untaught to yield

Though death may close his story—

In charge or storm,

'Tis woman's form

That marshals him to glory.

For bold and true,

In buff and blue,

Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.

In each fair fold

His eyes behold

When his country's flag waves o'er him—

In each rosy stripe,

Like her lip so ripe,

His girl is still before him.

For bold and true,

In buff and blue,

Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.

—
MELODY.

When the flowers of Friendship or Love have decay'd,

In the heart that has trusted and once been betray'd,

No sunshine of kindness their bloom can restore;

For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more!

Hope cheated too often when life's in its spring,
From the bosom that nursed it for ever takes wing!
And Memory comes, as its promises fade,
To brood o'er the havoc that Passion has made.

As 'tis said that the swallow the tenement leaves
Where ruin endangers her nest in the eaves,
While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall,
And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.

—
WE PARTED IN SADNESS.

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;

We talk'd not of hopes that we both must resign;

I saw not her eyes, and but one teardrop starting

Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine:

Each felt that the past we could never recover,

Each felt that the future no hope could restore,

She shudder'd at wringing the heart of her lover,

I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Long years have gone by, and the springtime smiles
ever

As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their birth;

Long years have gone by, yet that parting, oh!
never

Can it be forgotten by either on earth.

The note of each wild bird that carols toward
heaven

Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that were
mine,

While the dew that steals over each blossom at even
Tells me of the teardrop that wept their decline.

—
TRUST NOT LOVE.

Oh, trust not Love—the wayward boy,

But haste, if you'd detain him,

Ere time can beauty's bond destroy,

Or other eyes and lips decoy,

With Hymen to enchain him.

The humming-bird the blossom leaves

Whene'er its sweets are failing;

The silken web the spider weaves,

Yields up the prey to which she cleaves

When autumn winds are wailing.

And Love, when beauty's bloom decays,

Will spread his fickle pinion,

And prove the web in which he plays,

Too weak against the rude world's ways

To hold the roving minion.

Then trust not Love—the wayward boy,

But haste, if you'd detain him,

Ere time can beauty's bond destroy,

Or other eyes and lips decoy,

With Hymen to enchain him.

AWAY TO THE FOREST.

Away to the forest, away, love, away!
 My foam-champing courser reproves thy delay,
 And the brooks are all calling, Away, love, away!
 Away to the forest, my own love, with me!
 Away where through checker'd glade sports the
 wind free,
 Where in the bosky dell
 Watching young leaflets swell,
 Spring on each floral bell
 Counteth for thee,
 Away to the forest, away!
 Away to the forest, away, love, away!
 Each breath of the morning reproves thy delay;
 Each shadow retiring beckons away!
 Hark! how the blue-birds throat carolling o'er us
 Chimes with the thrush's note floating before us!
 Away then, my gentle one,
 Thy voice is miss'd alone.
 Away—let love's whisper'd tone
 Swell the bright chorus,
 Away to the forest, away!

A HUNTER'S MATIN.

Up, comrades, up! the morn's awake
 Upon the mountain side,
 The curlew's wing hath swept the lake,
 And the deer has left the tangled brake,
 To drink from the limpid tide.
 Up, comrades, up! the mead-lark's note
 And the plover's cry o'er the prairie float,

The squirrel he springs from his covert now
 To prank it away on the chestnut bough,
 Where the oriole's pendent nest high up,
 Is rock'd on the swaying trees,
 While the humbird sips from the harebell's cup,
 As it bends to the morning breeze.
 Up, comrades, up! our shallops grate
 Upon the pebbly strand,
 And our stalwart hounds impatient wait
 To spring from the huntsman's hand.

THE LOVER'S STAR.

DANISH AIR.

Oh, when, mid thy wild fancy's dreaming
 Life's meteors around thee are streaming,
 Thy tears still belie the false beaming
 That fain would thy spirit control—
 Look, look to that lone light above thee,
 The star that seems set there to love thee,
 Look there, and I'm with thee in soul!
 Look, look, &c.

And, if when thus wilder'd, thou turnest,
 To lean on the true and the earnest—
 The friend for whom vainly thou yearnest
 Has pass'd like a mist from life's strand,—
 Oh, come, come again to me, dearest!
 Thou still to my soul shalt be nearest,
 All mine in that bright spirit land!
 Oh! come, come again, &c.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

WRITTEN AT WEST POINT.

I'm not romantic, but, upon my word,
There are some moments when one can't help
feeling

As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirr'd
By things around him, that 'tis vain concealing
A little music in his soul still lingers
Whene'er its keys are touch'd by Nature's fingers:

And even here, upon this settle lying,
With many a sleepy traveller near me snoozing,
Thoughts warm and wild are through my bosom
flying,

Like founts when first into the sunshine oozing:
For who can look on mountain, sky and river,
Like these, and then be calm and cold as ever!

Bright DIAN, who, Camilla-like, dost skim yon
Azure fields—Thou who, once earthward bend-
ing,

Didst loose thy virgin zone to young Endymion,
On dewy Latinos to his arms descending—
Thou whom the world of old on every shore,
Type of thy sex, *Triformis*, did adore:

Tell me—where'er thy silver bark be steering,
By bright Italian or soft Persian lands,
Or o'er those island-studded seas careering,
Whose pearl-charged waves dissolve on coral
strands;

Tell if thou visitest, thou heavenly rover,
A lovelier stream than this the wide world over?

Doth Achelôus or Araxes flowing
Twin-born from Pindus, but ne'er meeting bro-
thers—

Doth Tagus o'er his golden pavement glowing,
Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of mo-
thers,

The storied Rhine, or far-famed Guadalquiver,
Match they in beauty my own glorious river?

What though no cloister gray nor ivied column
Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear?

What though no frowning tower nor temple so-
lemn

Of tyrants tell and superstition here—
What though that mouldering fort's fast crum-
bling walls

Did ne'er enclose a baron's banner'd halls—

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud
An echo to the war-blown clarion's peal,
As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd
As ever beat beneath a vest of steel,
When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest
day

Call'd forth chivalric host to battle fray:

For here amid these woods He once kept court
Before whose mighty soul the common crowd
Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought,
Are like the patriarch's sheaves to heaven's cho-
sen bow'd—

He who his country's eagle taught to soar,
And fired those stars which shine o'er every shore.

And sights and sounds at which the world have
wonder'd

Within these wild ravines have had their birth;
Young FREEDOM'S cannon from these glens have
thunder'd,

And sent their startling voices o'er the earth;
And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary
But treasures up within the glorious story.

And yet not rich in high-soul'd memories only,
Is every moon-kiss'd headland round me gleam-
ing,

Each cavern'd glen and leafy valley lonely,
And silver torrent o'er the bald rock stream-
ing:

But such soft fancies here may breathe around,
As make Vaucluse and Clarens hallow'd ground.

Where, tell me where, pale watcher of the night—

Thou that to love so oft hast lent its soul,
Since the lorn Lesbian languish'd 'neath thy light,
Or fated Romeo to his Juliet stole—

Where dost thou find a fitter place on earth
To nurse young love in hearts like theirs to birth?

Oh, loiter not upon that fairy shore
 To watch the lazy barks in distance glide,
 When sunset brightens on their sails no more,
 And stern-lights twinkle in the dusky tide;
 Loiter not there, young heart, at that soft hour,
 What time the Queen of night proclaims love's
 power.

Even as I gaze, upon my memory's track
 Bright as yon coil of light along the deep,
 A scene of early youth comes dream-like back,
 Where two stand gazing from the tide-wash'd
 steep,

A sanguine stripling, just toward manhood flushing,
 A girl, scarce yet in ripen'd beauty blushing.

The hour is his! and while his hopes are soaring
 Doubts he that maiden will become his bride?

Can she resist that gush of wild adoring
 Fresh from a heart full-volumed as the tide?
 Tremulous, but radiant, is that peerless daughter
 Of loveliness, as is the star-strewn water!

The moist leaves glimmer as they glimmer'd then,
 Alas! how oft have they been since renew'd,
 How oft the whippoorwill, from yonder glen,
 Each year has whistled to her callow brood,
 How oft have lovers by yon star's same gleam,
 Dream'd here of bliss—and waken'd from their
 dream!

But now, bright Peri of the skies, descending
 Thy pearly car hangs o'er yon mountain's crest,
 And Night, more nearly now each step attending,
 As if to hide thy envied place of rest,
 Closes at last thy very couch beside,
 A matron curtaining a virgin bride.

Farewell! Though tears on every leaf are starting,
 While through the shadowy boughs thy glances
 quiver,
 As of the good, when Heavenward hence departing,
 Shines thy last smile upon the placid river.
 So—could I fling o'er glory's tide one ray—
 Would I too steal from this dark world away.

WRITTEN IN SPRINGTIME.

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
 From winter's sleep!—
 Bursting with voice of mirth
 From icy keep;
 And laughing at the Sun,
 Who hath thy freedom won,
 Thy waters leap!

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
 Freshly again,
 And who by fireside hearth
 Will now remain?
 Come on the rosy hours—
 Come on thy buds and flowers
 As when in Eden's bowers

Spring first did reign.
 Birds on thy breezes chime
 Blithe as in that matin time,
 Their choiring begun:
 Earth, *thou* hast many a prime—
 Man hath but one!

Thou wak'st anew, oh Earth—
 Freshly anew!
 As when at Spring's first birth
 First flow'rets grew.
 Heart! that to Earth doth cling,
 While boughs are blossoming,
 Why wake not too?

Long thou in sloth hast lain,
 Listing to Love's soft strain—
 Wilt thou sleep on?
 Playing, thou sluggish heart,
 In life no manly part,
 Though youth be gone.
 Wake! 'tis Spring's quickening breath
 Now o'er thee blown;
 Awake thee! and ere in death
 Pulseless thou slumberest,
 Pluck but from Glory's wreath
 One leaf alone!

TOWN REPININGS.

RIVER, oh river, thou rovest free
 From the mountain height to the fresh blue sea,
 Free thyself, while in silver chain
 Linking each charm of land and main.
 Calling at first thy banded waves
 From hill-side thickets and fern-hid caves,
 From the splinter'd crag thou leap'st below,
 Through leafy glades at will to flow—
 Idling now mid the dallying sedge,
 Slumbering now by the steep's moss'd edge,
 With statelier march once more to break
 From wooded valley to breezy lake;
 Yet all of these scenes, though fair they be,
 River, oh river, are bann'd to me!

River, oh river! upon thy tide
 Gaily the freighted vessels glide,
 Would that thou thus couldst bear away
 The thoughts that burthen my weary day,
 Or that I, from all, save them, set free,
 Though laden still, might rove with thee.
 True that thy waves brief lifetime find,
 And live at the will of the wanton wind—
 True that thou seekest the ocean's flow
 To be lost therein for evermore!
 Yet the slave who worships at Glory's shrine,
 But toils for a bubble as frail as thine,
 But loses his freedom here, to be
 Forgotten as soon as in death set free.

A PORTRAIT.

SHYL.—My features ne'er shall try the limner's art!
 GRY.—Wilt thou not have thy picture taken, lady?
 O! believe me, already, it in one fond heart
 Is laid in colours which can never fade. *False Artist.*

Not hers the charms which Laura's lover drew,
 Or Titian's pencil on the canvass threw;
 No soul enkindled beneath southern skies
 Glow'd on her cheek and sparkled in her eyes;
 No prurient charms set off her slender form
 With swell voluptuous and with contour warm;
 While each proportion was by Nature told
 In maiden beauty's most bewitching mould.
 High on her peerless brow—a radiant throne
 Unmix'd with aught of earth—pale genius sat
 alone.

And yet, at times, within her eye there dwelt
 Softness that would the sternest bosom melt,
 A depth of tenderness which show'd, when woke,
 That woman there as well as angel spoke.
 Yet well that eye could flash resentment's rays,
 Or, proudly scornful, check the boldest gaze;
 Chill burning passion with a calm disdain,
 Or with one glance rekindle it again.
 Her mouth—O! never fascination met
 Near woman's lips half so alluring yet:
 For round her mouth there play'd, at times, a smile,
 Such as did man from Paradise beguile;
 Such, could it light him through this world of pain,
 As he'd not barter Eden to regain.
 What though that smile might beam alike on
 all;

What though that glance on each as kindly fall;
 What though you knew, while worshipping their
 power,

Your homage but the pastime of the hour,
 Still they, however guarded were the heart,
 Could every feeling from its fastness start—
 Deceive one still, howe'er deceived before,
 And make him wish thus to be cheated more,
 Till, grown at last in such illusions gray,
 Faith follow'd Hope and stole with Love away.
 Such was Alinda; such in her combined
 Those charms which round our very nature wind;
 Which, when together they in one conspire,
 He who admires must love—who sees, admire.
 Variably perilous; upon the sight
 Now beam'd her beauty in resistless light,
 And subtly now into the heart it stole.
 And, ere it startled, occupied the whole.
 'T was well for her, that lovely mischief, well
 That she could not the pangs it waken'd tell;
 That, like the princess in the fairy tale,
 No soft emotions could her soul assail;
 For Nature,—that Alinda should not feel,
 For wounds her eyes might make, but never heal,—
 In mercy, while she did each gift impart
 Of rarest excellence, *withheld a heart!*

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

THE Indian whoop is heard without,
 Within the Indian arrow lies;
 There's horror in that fiendish shout,
 There's death where'er that arrow flies.

Two trembling women there alone,
 Alone to guard a feeble child;
 What shield, oh God! is round them thrown
 Amid that scene of peril wild?

Thy Book upon the table there,
 Reveals at once from whence could flow
 The strength to dash aside despair,
 The meekness to abide the blow.

Already, half resign'd, she kneels,
 And half imploring, kneels the mother,
 Awhile angelic courage steels
 The gentle nature of the other.

They thunder on the oaken door,
 They pierce the air with furious yell,
 And soon that plume upon the floor
 May grace some painted warrior well.

Oh, why cannot one stalwart arm
 But wield the brand that hangeth by?
 And snatch the noble girl from harm,
 Who heedeth not the hellish cry?

A shot! the savage leader falls—
 The maiden's eye, which aim'd the gun—
 That eye, whose deadly aim appals,
 Is tearful when its task is done.

He falls—and straight with baffled cries,
 His tribesmen fly in wild dismay;
 And now, beneath the evening skies,
 That Household may in safety pray.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

TEACH thee their language! sweet, I know no
 tongue,

No mystic art those gentle things declare,
 I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
 Created things, so delicate and rare:
 Their language? Prythee! why they are themselves
 But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,
 The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
 When tenderness as yet within the world was new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—
 Now bent to earth, to heaven now meekly plead-
 ing—

Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,
 Yet still from earth with freshening hope re-
 ceeding—

Say, do not these to every heart declare,
 With all the silent eloquence of truth,
 The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,
 To give her back those spotless days of youth?

INDIAN SUMMER, 1828.

Light as love's smile the silvery mist at morn
 Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
 The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
 As high in air he carols, faintly quiver;
 The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
 Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;
 Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels shiver;
 The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
 And from the springy spray the squirrel gaily leap-
 ing.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery, ere
 The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
 That richly deck the slow-declining year;
 I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,
 The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf
 Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too, brief;
 I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
 As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
 And wings his loitering flight to summer climes
 away.

Oh Nature! fondly I still turn to thee
 With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were;
 Though wild and passion-tost my youth may be,
 Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
 To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
 Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
 Still—still, childlike I come, as when in prayer
 I bow'd my head upon a mother's knee,
 And deem'd the world like her, all truth and purity.

EPITAPH UPON A DOG.

An ear that caught my slightest tone,
 In kindness or in anger spoken;
 An eye that ever watch'd my own,
 In vigils death alone has broken;
 Its changeless, ceaseless, and unbought
 Affection to the last revealing;
 Beaming almost with human thought,
 And more—for more than human feeling!

Can such in endless sleep be chill'd,
 And mortal pride disdain to sorrow,
 Because the pulse that here was still'd
 May wake to no immortal morrow?
 Can faith, devotedness, and love,
 That seem to humbler creatures given
 To tell us what we owe above,—
 The types of what is due to Heaven.—
 Can these be with the things that *were*,
 Things cherish'd—but no more returning,
 And leave behind no trace of care,
 No shade that speaks a moment's mourning?
 Alas! my friend, of all of worth
 That years have stolen or years yet leave me,
 I've never known so much on earth,
 But that the loss of thine must grieve me.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The snow yet in the hollow lies;
 But, where by shelvy hill 'tis seen,
 A thousand rills—its waste supplies—
 Are trickling over beds of green.
 Down in the meadow glancing wings
 Flit in the sunshine round a tree,
 Where still a frosted apple clings,
 Regale for early Chickadee:
 And chesnut buds begin to swell,
 Where flying-squirrels peep to know
 If from the tree-top, yet, 'twere well
 To sail on leathery wing below—
 As gently shy and timorous,
 Still holds she back who should be mine;
 Come, Spring, to her coy bosom, come,
 And warm it toward her Valentine!

Come, Spring, and with the breeze that calls
 The wind-flower by the hill-side rill,
 The soft breeze that by orchard walls
 First dallies with the daffodil—
 Come lift the tresses from her cheek,
 And let me see the blush divine,
 That mantling there, those curls would seek
 To hide from her true Valentine.

Come, Spring, and with the red-breast's note,
 That tells of bridal tenderness,
 Where on the breeze he'll warbling float
 Afar his nesting mate to bless—
 Come, whisper 'tis not alway Spring!
 When birds may mate on every spray—
 That April boughs cease blossoming!
 With love it is not always May!

Come, touch her heart with thy soft tale,
 Of tears within the floweret's cup,
 Of fairest things that soonest fail,
 Of hopes we vainly garner up—
 And while, that gentle heart to melt,
 Like mingled wreath, such tale you twine,
 Whisper what lasting bliss were felt
 In lot shared with her Valentine.

TO AN AUTUMN ROSE.

TELL her I love her—love her for those eyes
 Now soft with feeling, radiant now with mirth
 Which, like a lake reflecting autumn skies,
 Reveal two heavens here to us on Earth—
 The one in which their soulful beauty lies,
 And that wherein such soulfulness has birth:
 Go to my lady ere the season flies,
 And the rude winter comes thy bloom to blast—
 Go! and with all of eloquence thou hast,
 The burning story of my love discover,
 And if the theme should fail, alas! to move her,
 Tell her when youth's gay budding-time is past,
 And summer's gaudy flowering is over,
 Like thee, my love will blossom to the last!

THY NAME.

It comes to me when healths go round,
 And o'er the wine their garlands wreathing
 The flowers of wit, with music wound,
 Are freshly from the goblet breathing ;
 From sparkling song and sally gay
 It comes to steal my heart away,
 And fill my soul, mid festal glee,
 With sad, sweet, silent thoughts of thee.

It comes to me upon the mart,
 Where care in jostling crowds is rife ;
 Where Avarice goads the sordid heart,
 Or cold Ambition prompts the strife ;
 It comes to whisper if I'm there,
 'Tis but with thee each prize to share,
 For Fame were not success to me,
 Nor riches wealth, unshared with thee.

It comes to me when smiles are bright
 On gentle lips that murmur round me,
 And kindling glances flash delight
 In eyes whose spell might once have bound me.
 It comes—but comes to bring alone
 Remembrance of some look or tone,
 Dearer than aught I hear or see,
 Because 't was worn or breathed by thee.

It comes to me where cloister'd boughs
 Their shadows cast upon the sod ;
 Awhile in Nature's fane my vows
 Are lifted from her shrine to God ;
 It comes to tell that all of worth
 I dream in heaven, or know on earth,
 However bright or dear it be,
 Is blended with my thought of thee.

WHAT IS SOLITUDE ?

Nor in the shadowy wood,
 Not in the crag-hung glen,
 Not where the celoes brood
 In caves untrod by men ;
 Not by the bleak seashore,
 Where barren surges break,
 Not on the mountain hoar,
 Not by the breezeless lake ;
 Not on the desert plain
 Where man hath never stood,
 Whether on isle or main—
 Not there is solitude !

Birds are in woodland bowers ;
 Voices in lonely dells ;
 Streams to the listening hours
 Talk in earth's secret cells ;
 Over the gray-ribb'd sand
 Breathe Ocean's frothy lips ;
 Over the still lake's strand
 The wild flower toward it dips ;

Pluming the mountain's crest
 Life tosses in its pines ;
 Coursing the desert's breast
 Life in the steed's mane shines.
 Leave—if thou wouldst be lonely—
 Leave Nature for the crowd ;
 Seek there for one—one only
 With kindred mind endow'd !
 There—as with Nature erst
 Closely thou wouldst commune—
 The deep soul-music nursed
 In either heart, attune !
 Heart-wearied thou wilt own,
 Vainly that phantom woo'd,
 That thou at least hast known
 What is true Solitude !

BIRTH-DAY THOUGHTS.

At twenty-five—at twenty-five,
 The heart should not be cold ;
 It still is young in deeds to strive,
 Though half life's tale is told ;
 And Fame should keep its youth alive,
 If Love would make it old.
 But mine is like that plant which grew
 And wither'd in a night,
 Which from the skies of midnight drew
 Its ripening and its blight—
 Matured in Heaven's tears of dew,
 And faded ere her light.
 Its hues in sorrow's darkness born,
 In tears were foster'd first ;
 Its powers from passion's frenzy drawn,
 In passion's gloom were nurs'd—
 And perishing ere manhood's dawn,
 Did prematurely burst.
 Yet all I've learnt from hours rife
 With painful brooding here,
 Is, that amid this mortal strife,
 The lapse of every year
 But takes away a hope from life,
 And adds to death a fear.

THE BLUSH.

THE lilies faintly to the roses yield,
 As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,
 (Who would not strive upon so sweet a field
 To win the mastery ?)
 And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes reveal'd,
 Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unseal'd.
 I could not wish that in thy bosom aught
 Should e'er one moment's transient pain awaken,
 Yet can't regret that thou—forgive the thought—
 As flowers when shaken
 Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind,
 Should, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

THE BOB-O-LINKUM.

Thou vocal sprite—thou feather'd troubadour !

In pilgrim weeds through many a clime a ranger,
Com'st thou to doff thy russet suit once more,

And play in foppish trim the masquing stranger?
Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and na-
ture;

But wise, as all of us, perforce, must think 'em,
The school-boy best hath fixed thy nomenclature,
And poets, too, must call thee Bob-O-Linkum.

Say ! art thou, long mid forest glooms benighted,
So glad to skim our laughing meadows over—
With our gay orchards here so much delighted,
It makes thee musical, thou airy rover ?

Or are those buoyant notes the pilfer'd treasure
Of fairy isles, which thou hast learn'd to ravish
Of all their sweetest minstrelsy at pleasure,
And, Ariel-like, again on men to lavish ?

They tell sad stories of thy mad-cap freaks
Wherever o'er the land thy pathway ranges ;
And even in a brace of wandering weeks,
They say, alike thy song and plumage changes ;
Here both are gay ; and when the buds put forth,
And leafy June is shading rock and river,
Thou art unmatch'd, blithe warbler of the North,
While through the balmy air thy clear notes
quiver.

Joyous, yet tender—was that gush of song
Caught from the brooks, where mid its wild
flowers smiling

The silent prairie listens all day long,
The only captive to such sweet beguiling ;
Or didst thou, flitting through the verdurous halls
And column'd isles of western groves sympho-
nious,

Learn from the tuneful woods, rare madrigals,
To make our flowering pastures here harmoni-
ous ?

Caught'st thou thy carol from Otawa maid,
Where, through the liquid fields of wild rice
plashing,

Brushing the ears from off the burden'd blade,
Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing ?
Or did the reeds of some savannah South,

Detain thee while thy northern flight pursuing,
To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth,
The spice-fed winds had taught them in their
wooing ?

Unthrifty prodigal !—is no thought of ill
Thy ceaseless roundelay disturbing ever ?
Or doth each pulse in choiring cadence still
Throb on in music till at rest for ever ?
Yet now in wilder'd maze of concord floating,
'T would seem that glorious hymning to prolong,
Old Time in hearing thee might fall a-doating,
And pause to listen to thy rapturous song !

DISTRUST.

My life's whole pilgrimage have I not told—

Mapping my Past before those loving eyes,
With such minuteness that they might behold
Each hair-line of my soul, without disguise ?
Was *Truth* not woven, every line acrost—

An *iron thread* mid silver subtleties
Of *Fancy* or of *Feeling*, howe'er gloss'd,
Was *Faith* not there, at rein or helm the while,
A guide, a check, for fancy's luring smile,
A guide, a check, for feeling passion-toss'd ;
Oh, how then, now can, thought of me so vile,
Thought as of one to *truth* and *faith*, both lost,
Ignobly come thy bosom to beguile,
And kill affection with suspicion's frost !

SYMPATHY.

WELL ! call it *Friendship* ! have I ask'd for more,
Even in those moments, when I gave the most ?
'T was but for thee, I look'd so far before !
I saw our bark was hurrying blindly on,
A guideless thing upon a dangerous coast—
With thee—with thee, where would I not have gone ?
But could I see thee *drift* upon the shore,
Unknowing drift upon a shore, unknown ?
Yes, call it *Friendship*, and let no revealing
If love be there, e'er make love's wild name heard,
It will not die, if it be worth concealing !
Call it then *Friendship*—but oh, let that word
Speak but for me—for me, a deeper feeling
Than ever yet a lover's bosom stir'd !

THE WISH.

BRIGHT as the dew, on early buds that glistens,
Sparkle each hope upon thy flower-strewn path ;
Gay as a bird to its new mate that listens,
Be to thy soul each winged joy it hath ;
Thy lot still lead through ever-blooming bowers,
And Time for ever talk to thee in flowers.

Adored in youth, while yet the summer roses
Of glowing girlhood bloom upon thy cheek,
And, loved not less when fading, there reposes
The lily, that of springtime past doth speak.
Never from Life's garden to be rudely riven,
But softly stolen away from Earth to Heaven.

"OUR FRIENDSHIP."

It *will* endure ! It hath the seal upon it
That once alone in life is ever set ;
It *will* endure ! we both by suffering won it ;
It *will* endure—for neither can forget.
It *must* endure ! for is not *Truth* immortal ?
And those same tears which saw our hopes de-
part,
Brought her, the comforter, from Heaven's bright
portal,
In rainbow radiance spanning heart to heart !

"BRUNT THE FIGHT."

[SUGGESTED BY AN EMBALMED INDIAN HEAD PRESENTED
BY THE WRITER TO THE LYCEUM OF NATURAL
HISTORY, NEW YORK.]

"Thus bravely live heroic men,
A consecrated band;
Life is to them a battle field,
Their hearts a holy land."—TUCKERMAN.

Not to the conflict, where those death wounds came
That still discolor thine undaunted brow,
Not to the wildwood, where thy soul of flame
Found vent alone in deeds—all nameless now,
Though startled fancy first by these is caught—
Not, not to these dost thou enchain my thought!

The tuft of honor, streaming there unshorn,
The separate gashes, every one in front,
Prove knightly crest was ne'er more bravely borne
By charging champion through the battle's brunt,
While those old scars, from forays long since past,
Bespeak the warrior's life from first to last.

Bespeak the man who acted out *the whole*—
The whole of all he knew of high and true,
All that was vision'd in his savage soul,
All that his barbarous powers on earth could do,
Bespeak the being perfect to the plan
Of Nature when she moulded such a man.

His simple law of duty and of right—
Oneness of soul in action, thought and feeling,
His mind, disturb'd by no conflicting light,
His narrow faith, so clear in each revealing,
His will untrammell'd to act out the part
So plainly gave on his untutor'd heart:

Envy I these? Would I for these forego
The broader scope of being that is mine?
His bond of sense with spirit once to know
Would I the strife for truth and good resign?
How can I—when, *according to my light*,
My law, like his, is still to BRUNT THE FIGHT!

WALLER TO SACHARISSA.

[It is said they met at court after Waller was wedded to another, and that the lady coolly asked the poet to address a copy of verses to her: Johnson has commented upon the bitterness of his reply.]

To-night! to-night! what memories to-night
Came thronging o'er me as I stood near thee.
Thy form of loveliness, thy brow of light,
Thy voice's thrilling flow,
All, all were there; to me—to me as bright
As when they claim'd my soul's idolatry
Years, long years ago!

That gulf of years! Oh, God! hadst thou been
mine,
Would all that's precious have been swallow'd
there?

Youth's meteor hope, and manhood's high design,
Lost, lost, for ever lost—
Lost with the love that with them all would twine,
The love that left no harvest but despair.
Unwon at such a cost!

Was it *ideal* that wild, wild love I bore thee?
Or thou thyself—didst *thou* my soul enthrall?
Such as thou art to-night did I adore thee!
Ay, idolize—in vain!
Such as thou art to-night—could time restore me
That wealth of loving—shouldst *thou* have it all
To waste perchance again?

No! Thou didst break the coffers of my heart,
And set so lightly by the hoard within,
That *I* too learn'd at last the squanderer's art,—
Went idly here and there,
Filing my soul and lavishing a part
On each, less cold than thou, who cared to win
And seem'd to prize a share.

No! Thou didst wither up my flowering youth.
If blameless, still the bearer of a blight!
The unconscious agent of the deadliest ruth
That human heart hath given!
Teaching me scorn of my own spirit's truth!
Holding—not *me*—but that fond worship light
Which link'd my soul to Heaven!

No!—No!—For me the weakest heart before
One so untouch'd by tenderness as thine!
Angels have enter'd through the frail tent door
That pass the palace now—
And He who spake the words "Go sin no more,"
Mid human passions saw the spark divine,
But not in such as thou!

PRIMEVAL WOODS.

I.

Yes! even here, not less than in the crowd,
Here, where yon vault in formal sweep seems piled
Upon the pines, monotonously proud,
Fit dome for fane, within whose hoary veil
No ribald voice an echo hath defiled—
Where *Silence* seems articulate; up-stealing
Like a low anthem's heavenward wail:—
Oppressive on my bosom weighs the feeling
Of thoughts that language cannot shape aloud;
For song too solemn, and for prayer too wild,—
Thoughts, which beneath no human power could
quail,
For lack of utterance, in abasement bow'd,—
The cavern'd waves that struggle for revealing,
Upon whose idle foam alone God's light hath smiled.

II.

Ere long thine every stream shall find a tongue,
Land of the Many Waters! But the sound

Of human music, these wild hills among,
 Hath no one save the Indian mother flung
 Its spell of tenderness? Oh, o'er this ground
 So redolent of *Beauty*, hath there play'd no breath
 Of human poesy—none beside the word
 Of Love, as, murmur'd these old boughs beneath,
 Some fierce and savage suitor it hath stirr'd
 To gentle issues—none but these been heard?
 No mind, no soul here kindled but my own?
 Doth not one hollow trunk about resound
 With the faint echoes of a song long flown,
 By shadows like itself now haply heard alone.

III.

And Ye, with all this primal growth must go!
 And loiterers beneath some lowly spreading shade,
 Where pasture-kissing breezes shall, ere then, have
 play'd,

A century hence, will doubt that there could grow
 From that meek land such Titans of the glade!
 Yet wherefore *primal*? when beneath my tread
 Are roots whose thrifty growth, perchance hath
 arm'd

The Anak spearman when his trump alarm'd!
 Roots that the Deluge wave hath plunged below;
 Seeds that the Deluge wind hath scatter'd;
 Berries that Eden's warblers may have fed;
 Safe in the slime of earlier worlds embalm'd:
 Again to quicken, germinate and blow,
 Again to charm the land as erst the land they
 charm'd.

THE FIRST AND LAST PARTING.

WE parted at the midnight hour,—
 We parted *then* as lovers part.
 The stars which pierced that trellis'd bower,
 They saw me press her to my heart!
 I left her with no fear—no doubt!
 I left with her my hopes—my all—
 I left her then!—O God!—without
 A dream of what would soon befall.

I went to toil—far from her sight,
 Far from her blessed voice away—
 But still she haunted me by night,
 Still murmur'd in my ears by day.
 The hours flew by in dreams of her,
 Those hours which claim'd far, other care,
 I wasted them—fond worshipper—
 In dreams, whose waking was despair!

A month—no, not a month,—by Heaven!
 Had fled since she was pledged to me—
 Since *I* love's parting kiss had given
 To seal *her* vows of constancy!
 The very moon was not yet old,
 Whose crescent beam our loves had lighted—

Yet ere those few short weeks were told,
 She had forgot the faith she plighted!

I heard her lips that faith forswear—
 And, while those lips reveal'd the tale,
 My very soul it blush'd that e'er
 It could have loved a thing so frail!
 Yet scorn—it was not scorn that stung—
 'T was pity—horror—grief, that moved me—
 I felt the wrong—the shameless wrong,
 But spared the heart that once had loved me!

Yes, faithless, false, as now I found it,
 That heart had beat against my own,
 And I—I could not bear to wound it,
 When all its shielding worth was flown,
 What though I could believe no more
 In *such* as her own lips reveal'd her!
 Yet still when all Love's faith was o'er,
 Love's tenderness remain'd to shield her.

And when the moment came to break
 The subtle chain around me cast,
 Like me she seem'd in soul to ache
 At riving of its links at last.
 Could they betray my mind once more,
 Those pleading looks? yes! even then,
 So sweet the guise of truth they wore,
 I *wish'd* to be deceived again.

Ay! strangely, as at first we met—
 There did, by Heaven! around her hover
 Such light of warmth and truth, that yet
 I, at the last, was still her lover!
 And when I saw her brow o'ercast—
 Saw tears from those soft eyelids melt,
 I reek'd not, cared not for the past,
 But there, adoring, could have knelt!

That moment to her lip and eye
 There came that calm and loveless air,
 Light Beauty, when her triumph's nigh,
 Will toward its easy victim wear..
 No test—no time—no fate had wrought
 O'er soul like mine so strong a spell,
 As in that moment chill'd to nought
 Love that did seem unquenchable!

We parted—not as lovers part—
 No kind farewell—no fond regret
 Was utter'd *then* from either heart—
 We parted only to forget!
 We parted, not as lovers part,
 As lovers we can meet no more.
 Let Time decide in either heart
 Which most such parting shall deplore.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER BOOK.

Thy thoughts are Heavenward! and thy heart, they
 say,
 Which love, oh! more than mortal, fail'd to move,

Now in its precious casket melts away,
 And owns the impress of a Saviour's love!
 Many, in days gone by, full many a prayer,
 Pure, though impassion'd, has been breathed for
 thee
 By one who once thy hallow'd name would dare
 Prefer with his to the Divinity!

Requite them now—not with an earthly love—
 But since with that his lot thou mayst not bless,
 Ask—what he dare not pray for from above—
 For him the mercy of Forgetfulness.

—
 "WHERE WOULD I REST?"

UNDER old boughs, where moist the livelong summer

The moss is green, and springy to your tread,
 When you, my friend, shall be an often comer
 To pierce the thicket, seeking for my bed:

For thickets heavy all around should screen it
 From careless gazer that might wander near,
 Nor even to him who by some chance had seen it,
 Would I have aught to catch his eye, appear:

One lonely stem—a trunk those old boughs lifting,
 Should mark the spot; and, haply, new thrift
 owe

To that which upward through its sap was drifting

From what lay mouldering round its roots below.

There my freed spirit with the dawn's first gleaming

Would come to revel round the dancing spray:
 There would it linger with the day's last beam-
 ing,

To watch thy footsteps thither track their way.

The quivering leaf should whisper in that hour
 Things that for thee alone would have a sound,
 And parting boughs my spirit-glances shower
 In gleams of light upon the mossy ground.

There, when long years and all thy journeyings
 over—

Loosed from this world thyself to join the free,
 Thou too wouldst come to rest beside thy lover
 In that sweet cell beneath our Trysting-Tree.

EARLY MISCELLANIES.

THE AMBUSCADE.*

THE mountain-tops are bright above,
The lake is bright beneath—
And the mist is seen, the rocks between,
In a silver shroud to wreathe.
Merrily on the maple spray
The redbreast trills his roundelay,
And the oriole blithely flits among
The boughs where her pendent nest is hung;
The squirrel his morning revel keeps
In the chestnut's leafy screen,
And the fawn from the thicket gayly leaps
To gambol upon the green.
Now on the broad lake's waters blue
Dances many a light canoe;
And banded there, in wampum sheen,
Many a crested chief is seen:
Now as the foamy fringe they break,
Which the waves, where they kiss the margin,
make,
The shalleps shoot on the snowy strand,
And the plumed warriors leap to land.
They bear their pirogues of birchen bark
Far in the shadowy forest glade,
And plunge them deep in covert dark
Of the closely woven hazel shade;
Then stealthily tread in each other's track,
And with wary step come gliding back.
And when the water again is won,
Unlace the beaded mockason,
And covering first with careful hand
The footmarks dash'd in the yielding sand,
Round jutting point and dented bay
Through the wave they take their winding way.
Awhile their painted forms are seen
Gleaming along the margin green,
And then the sunny lake is left—
Where issuing from a mountain cleft—

* "There was one incident, particularly, reminding me so strongly of some passages in the *Lady of the Lake*, that I used to think with a kind of fevered impatience that the romantic pen of Scott should be for ever wanting to do it justice: and I ventured at last to attempt picturing it in an imitation of his glorious verse, which found its way into print many years since, nearly in the form in which it is here copied from the N. Y. *American* of June 1830." See *Wild Scenes of the Forest and Prairie*, Colyer's edition.

Above whose bold impending height
The dusky larch excludes the light,
The current of a rivulet
Conceals their wary footsteps yet.

Scaling the rocks, where strong and deep
Abrupt the waters foaming leap,
Along the stream they bending creep,
Where the hanging birch's tassels sweep,
Thrid the witch-hazel and alder-maze,
Where in broken rills the streamlet strays,
And reach the spot where its oozy tide
Steals from the mountain's shaggy side.

Now where wild vines their tendrils fling,
From crag to crag their forms they swing,
Some boldly find a footing where
The mountain cat would hardly dare;
Others as lightly onward bound
As the frolic chipmonk skips the ground,
Till all the midway mountain gain
And there once more collected meet,
Where on the eagle's wild domain
The morning sunbeams fiercely beat.

There's a glen upon that mountain-side,
A sunny dell expanding wide,
Where the eye that looks through the green arcade
Of cliffs in vines and shrubs array'd,
Sees many a silver stream and lake
Upon its raptured vision break;
That sunny dell has its opening bright
Almost within an arrow's flight
Of a fearful gorge, whose upper side
Rank weeds and furze as closely hide,
As if some woodland elf had plied
His skill in weaving osiers green,
And thus in thievish freak had tried
Its gloomy mouth to screen.

'Tis a chasm beneath the wooded steep,
Where the brain will swim and the blood will creep
When its dizzy edge is seen,
And the Fiend will prompt the heart to leap
When the eye would measure the yawning deep
Of that hideous ravine!
Far down the gulf in distance dim
The bat will oft at noontide skim,
The rattlesnake like a shadow glides
Through poisonous weeds in its shelvy sides,

While swarming lizards loathsome crawl
Where the green-damp stands on the slimy wall,
And the venomous copper-snake's heard to hiss
On the frightful edge of that black abyss.

Here, in the feathery fern—between
The tangled thicket's matted screen,
Their weapons hid, save where a blade
From straggling ray reflection made,
The Adirondach warriors lay.

The morning sees them gather there
And crouch within their leafy lair—
The scorching beams of noontide hour,
If boughs should lift, would only play
On bronzed and motionless array

Within that silent bower :
Still silent when the mantle gray
Of sombre twilight slowly fell,
O'er rocky height and wooded dell,
Those men of bronze all silent they
Still waited for their prey !

How slow the languid moments move,
How long to him their lapse appears
In whom remorse, or fear, or love,
Concentres griefs untold by tears,
The gather'd agony of years !
But o'er the Indian warrior's soul
Uncounted and unheeded roll
Long hours, like these in watching spent,
The moments that he knows within,
When on the glorious War-Path sent,
Are calm as those which usher in
The thunders of the firmament !

The moose hath left the rushy brink
Where he stole to the lake at eve to drink,
And sought his lair in thicket dark,
Lit only by the fire-fly's spark.
Now myriad stars are twinkling through
The vaulted heaven's veil of blue,
And seem reflected in the wave
With golden studs its bed to pave.
Now as upon the western hills
The moon her mystic circle fills,
Against the sky each cliff is flung,
As if at magic touch it sprung ;
And as the wood her beam receives,
The dewdrop in that virgin light
Pendent from the quivering leaves,
Sparkles upon the pall of night.

Deep in the linden's foliage hid,
Complains the peevish katydid,
And the shrill screech-owl answers back
From tulip-tree and tamarack.
At times along the placid lake
A solitary trout will break,
And rippling eddies on the stream
In trembling circles faintly gleam ;

While near the sedgy shore is heard
The splash of that ill-omen'd bird,
Whose dismal note and boding cry
Will oft the startled ear assail,
When lowering clouds obscure the sky,
And when the tempest gathers nigh
Come quivering in the rising gale.

Oh, why cannot that loon's wild shriek
To them a feeble warning speak,
Whose proudly waving banner now
Comes floating round the mountain brow
Whose gallant ranks in close array
Now gleam along the moonlit way ;
And now with many a break between,
Are winding through the long ravine ?

Oh, why cannot that loon's wild shriek
To them a feeble warning speak,
Who careless press a foe-man's sod,
As if in banquet-hall they trod ;
Who rashly thus undaunted dare
To chase in woods the forest child,
To hunt the panther to his lair,
The Indian in his native wild ?

Unapprehensive thus, at night
The wild doe looking from the brake,
To where there gleams a fitful light
Dotted upon the rippling lake,
Sees not the silver spray-drop dripping
From the lithe oar which, softly dipping,
Impels the wily hunter's boat ;
But on his ruddy torch's rays,
As nearer, clearer now they float,
The fated quarry stands to gaze,
And dreaming not of cruel sport,
Withdraws not thence her gentle eyes
Until the rifle's sharp report
The simple creature hears and dies.

Buoyant with youth, as heedless they
Pursue the death-besetted way,
As cautionless each one proceeds,
Where his doom'd steps the pathway leads,
As if the peril of that hour
But led those steps to beauty's bower.
They come with stirring fife and drum,
With flaunting plume and pennon come,
To solitudes where never yet
Hath gleam'd the glistening bayonet—
Banner upon the breeze hath flown,
Or bugle note before been blown.
The cautious beaver starts with fear,
That strange unwonted sound to hear ;
But still her grave demeanor keeps,
As from her hovel-door she peeps—
Observing thence with curious eye
The pageant as it passes by ;
Pauses the wailing whippoorwill
One moment, in her plaintive trill,

As echoing on the mountain-side
 Their martial music wanders wide;
 Then, as the last note dies away,
 Pursues once more her broken lay.

At length they reach that fatal steep,
 Which, hanging o'er the chasm deep,
 With stunted copse and tangled heath,
 Conceals the gulf that yawns beneath.
 The watchful Indian, from his lair,
 One moment sees them falter there—
 One moment looks, with eagle eye,
 To mark their forms against the sky;
 Then through the night air, wild and high,
 Peals the red warrior's battle-cry.

From sassafras and sumach green,
 From shatter'd stump, and riven rock—
 From the dark hemlock boughs between,
 Is lanch'd the gleaming tomahawk.
 And savage eyes glare fiercely out
 From every bush and vine about;
 And savage forms the branches throw
 In dusky masses on the foe.

In vain their leaders strive to form
 Their ranks beneath that living storm!
 As whoop on whoop discordant fell
 Loudly on their astounded ears,
 As if at once each fiendish yell
 Awoke, within that narrow dell,
 The echoes of a thousand years!
 No rallying cry, no hoarse command
 Can marshal that bewilder'd band;
 Nor clarion-call to standard, more
 Those panic-stricken ranks restore;
 Now strown like pines upon the path
 Where bursts the fierce tornado's wrath.

Yet some there are who undismay'd
 Seek sternly, back to back array'd,
 With eye and blade alert, in vain
 A moment's footing to maintain.
 Though gallant hearts direct the steel,
 And stalwart arms the buffets deal,
 What can a score of brands avail
 When each as many foes assail?
 Like scud before the wintry blast,
 That through the sky comes sweeping fast,
 Like leaves upon the tempest whirl'd
 They toward the steep are struggling hurl'd.

Valour in vain, in vain despair
 Nerves many a frantic bosom there
 Furious with the unequal strife,
 To cling with desperate force to life.
 There, fighting still, with mad endeavor,
 As on the dizzy edge they hover,
 Their bugle breathes one rallying note,
 Pennon and plume one moment float;

Then, swept beyond the frightful brink
 Like mist, into the chasm sink;
 Within whose bosom, as they fell,
 Arose as hideous, wild a yell
 As if the very earth were riven,
 And shrieks from hell were upward driven.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.

I.

'Twas wrongly done, to let her know the feeling
 Which mask'd so long within my heart lay hid,
 Yet now I wonder at so well concealing
 My soul's full tenderness, as long I did;—
 'Twas wrongly done—and yet, how'er it move
 Her fervid nature thus to love in vain,
 'Twere better vainly even thus to love
 Than not to know she was beloved again!

Those hours of passion now for ever pass'd,
 Those wild endearments that we oft have known,
 Needed they not the veil around them cast
 That love, acknowledged love, at last hath
 thrown?

Long in remembrance as they now may live,
 However sad that living place may be,
 That love a hallow'd tenderness will give
 To things all bitter else in memory.

II.

In dreams—in dreams she answers to my yearning,
 And fondly lays her downy cheek to mine;
 In dreams each night that faithful form returning
 Will on my breast with sweet content recline:
 Awhile my heart keeps time to her soft breathing,
 Heaving in motion to her bosom heaving.

I wake—and oh, there is an inward sinking,
 A drear soul-faintness coming o'er me then,
 That through the livelong day but makes my
 thinking
 One fond, fond aching thus to dream again.—
 Soul—soul, where art thou through the day em-
 ploy'd,
 Only to fill at night my bosom's void?

III.

What though I sigh to think that after all
 'Twas half some erring fancy of the mind,
 Half that illusion which they 'love' miscall
 Whose sense dreams not of sentiment refined:
 They to whom ne'er that gush of soul was given
 Which melts the heart to mould it but for Heaven—

What though to think it was but this perchance
 Prompts the half-wistful—half-disdainful sigh;
 Makes the fond tone—the tear—the tender glance
 Seem less than valueless in memory:
 Still would I rather my love ran to waste
 Than she I love 'love's bitterness' should taste.

THE SUICIDE.

A FRAGMENT.

"Put out the light, and then," &c.—SHAKESPEARE.

HE roam'd, an Arab on life's desert waste—
 Its waters fleeting when they seem'd most near—
 Love's phantom leaving, when long vainly chased—
 No aim to animate, no hope to cheer.

HIS was a heart where love, when once it sprung,
 With every feeling would its tendrils twine;
 And still it grew, though baffled, crush'd, and
 wrung,

Rankly, as round an oak some noxious vine,

Within the poisonous folds of whose embrace
 Withers each generous shoot that quickens there,
 Till the proud features we no more can trace,
 Which once that noble stem was wont to wear.

And time pass'd on—Time who both joy and grief
 Bears on his tireless wings alike away,
 As storms the bursting bud and wither'd leaf
 Will sweep together from the fragile spray.

Her form matured, with all its girlish grace,
 A woman's softer, full proportion wore;
 And none could look upon that radiant face,
 And not the soul enthroned there adore.

Her eye was bright, or should a thought of him
 Its laughing lustre for a moment shade,
 'T was but a passing cloud which could not dim
 The buoyant spirit in its beams that play'd.

And others bow'd where he before had knelt,
 And she to one, who even at such a shrine
 Could only feign what he alone had felt,
 Did the rich guerdon of her heart resign.

She loved him for—for God knows what—'tis true
 In Fashion's field a brilliant name he'd earn'd;
 And, with his full-dress pantaloons on too,
 His legs and compliments were both well turn'd.

We love, we know not why—in joy or sadness
 We waste on one the fountains of the heart,
 The mind's best energies, the—pshaw!—'tis mad-
 ness—

'Tis worse than frenzy—'tis an idiot's part.

This Bertram knew—for his was not the dreaming
 Cherish'd illusion of a feeble mind;

He knew, too, that in hours there's no redeeming
 A soul like his from bonds which years have
 twined.

That she ne'er had loved him, came the cold assu-
 rance

Home to his heart, when all its springs were
 wasted;

He felt that his had been the vain endurance
 Of pangs to her unknown—by her untasted.

Dazzled by the prize his soul, his senses ravish'd,
 Rashly he ventured on a dangerous game:
 Lost, beyond hope, the stake so madly lavish'd,
 And felt his folly was alone to blame.

And then he knew they had not each been weighing
 An equal hazard in the chance gone by:
 She had but been with the heart's counters playing—
 He, he had set his all upon a die.

But to what purpose now avail'd the seeing
 That love, such as ne'er did human pulses stir—
 Which was to him the very food of being—
 Was but as pastime and a toy to her?

Her empire o'er his soul had been too deeply founded
 Too long establish'd to reconquer now;
 Still was she doom'd to be the heaven which
 bounded

The world of all his hopes and fears below.

And were it not so, could the charm around him
 Even by a word of his at last be broken,
 Fully as now that spell would yet have bound him—
 That magic word would still remain unspoken.

One night it chanced, when homeward sadly stray-
 ing,

Beneath her window that he paused, unmoved,
 To watch the light which, through the casement
 playing,

At times was darken'd by the form he loved—

When through the half raised sash, the summer air
 Brought, through the blind which screen'd the
 lady's bower,

Words to the throbbing ear, which listen'd there,
 That told him first it was her bridal hour!

The sounds of revelry had ceased—the lights
 Were all extinguish'd, except one alone;
 'Tis that, 'tis that his straining vision blights,
 Dimly as through the half-shut blind it shone!

That little light! The burning Afric sun,
 Which pour'd its fierce and scorching noonday
 blaze

The heroic Roman's lidless eyes upon,
 Was not more maddening than that taper's rays.

The light's removed—but still a shadow dim
 Upon the curtain's folds reflected falls!
 The light's extinguished—and the world to him
 —

THE THAW-KING'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

HE comes on the wings of the warm south-west,
 In the saffron hues of the sunbeam dress'd,
 And lingers awhile on the placid bay,
 As the ice-cake languidly steals away,
 To drink those gems which the wave turns up,
 Like Egyptian pearls in the Roman's cup.

Then hies to the wharves where the hawser binds
 The impatient ship from the wistful winds,
 And slackens each rope till it hangs from on high,
 Less firmly pencill'd against the sky ;
 And sports in the stiffen'd canvass there
 Till its folds float out in the wooing air :
 Then leaves these quellers of Ocean's pride
 To swing from the pier on the lazy tide.

He reaches the Battery's grassy bed,
 And the earth smokes out from beneath his tread ;
 And he turns him about to look wistfully back
 On each charm that he leaves on his beautiful track ;
 Each islet of green which the bright waters fold,
 Like emeralds, fresh from their bosom roll'd,
 The sea just peering the headlands through,
 Where the sky is lost in its deeper blue,
 And the thousand barks which securely sweep
 With silvery wing round the land-lock'd deep.

He loiters awhile on the springy ground,
 To watch the children gambol around,
 And thinks it hard that a touch from him
 Cannot make the aged as lithe of limb ;
 That he has no power to melt the rime,
 The stubborn frost that is made by Time ;
 And sighing he leaves the urchins to play,
 And lanches at last on the world of Broadway.

There were faces and figures of heavenly mould,
 Of charms not yet by the poet told ;
 There were dancing plumes, there were mantles gay,
 Flowers and ribbons flaunting there,
 Such as of old on a festival day

The Idalian nymphs were wont to wear.
 And the Thaw-king felt his cheek flush high,
 And his pulses flutter in every limb,
 As he gazed on many a beaming eye,
 And many a form that flitted by,
 With twinkling foot and ankle trim.

And he practised many an idle freak,
 As he lounged the morning through ;
 He sprang the frozen gutters aleak,
 For want of aught else to do ;
 And left them black as a libeller's ink,
 To gurgle away to the sewer-sink.
 He sees a beggar, gaunt and grim,
 Arouse a miser's choler,
 And he laughs while he melts the soul of him
 To fling the wretch a dollar ;
 And he thinks how small a heaven 't would take
 For a world of souls like his to make.

He read placarded upon a wall,
 " That the country now on its friends did call,
 For Liberty was in danger ;"
 And he went to a room ten feet by four,
 Where a chairman and sec. and a couple more
 (Making *fière* with our friendly stranger),

By the aid of four slings and two tallow tapers,
 Were preparing to tell in the morning papers
 That the Union was broken
 By this very token,
 " That the *People* in mass last night had spoken !"

He saw an Oneida baskets peddling
 Around the place where the polls were held ;
 And a Fed' the Red-skin kick for meddling,
 As the Indian a Democrat's ballot spell'd.
 That son of the soil
 Who had no vote,
 How dared he to spoil
 A trick so neat,
 Meant only to cheat

The voters who hither from Europe float !

And now as the night falls chill and gray,
 Like a drizzling rain on a new-made tomb,
 And his father, the Sun, has slunk away,
 And left him alone to gas and gloom,
 The Thaw-king steals in a vapor thin,
 Through the lighted porch of a house, wherein
 Music and mirth were gayly mingled ;
 And groups like hues in one bright flower
 Dazzled the Thaw-king while he singled
 Some one on whom to try his power.

He enters first in a lady's eyes,
 And thrusts at a dandy's heart ;
 But the vest that is made by *Frost*, defies
 The point of the Thaw-king's dart ;
 And the baffled spirit pettishly flies
 On a pedant to try his art ;
 But his aim is equally foil'd by the dust-
 y lore that envelopes the man of must.

And next he tries with a fiddler's sighs
 To melt the heart of a belle ;
 But around her waist there's a stout arm placed,
 Which shields that lady well.
 And that waist ! oh ! that waist—it is one that you
 would
 Like to clasp in a waltz, or—wherever you
 could.

Her figure was fashion'd tall and slim,
 But with rounded bust and shapely limb ;
 And her queen-like step as she trod the floor,
 And her look as she bridled in beauty's pride,
 Was such as the Tyrian heroine wore
 When she blush'd alone on the conscious shore,
 The wandering Dardan's unwedded bride.

And the Thaw-king gazed on that lady bright,
 With her form of love and her looks of light,
 Till his spirits began to wane,
 And his wits were put to rout ;
 And entering into an editor's brain,
 He thaw'd this "article" out.

RHYMES ON WEST POINT.

I've trod thy mountain paths, thy valleys deep,
Through mazy thickets, and through tangled
heath;
I've climb'd thy piled up rocks, from steep to steep,
And gazed with rapture on the scene beneath.
The noble plain that lies embosom'd there,
The jutting headlands in thy mimic bay—
The stream, impatient of his curb'd career,
Sweeping through mighty mountains far away,
His bosom burnish'd by the setting sun,
Who, loath to leave his own illumined west,
Dyes with his hues the wave he shines upon,
And gilds the clouds which eradle him to rest.
I love West Point, and long could fondly dwell
On scenes which must through life my memory
haunt,
But you, too, reader, have been there as well
As I—if not, you'd better take the jaunt.
You rise at six, and by half after ten
You're at the Point—I was when last I went—
You rest awhile at Cozzens's, and then
May stroll toward the upper Monument.
At two you dine—(you'll think it not too soon,
Being sharp set from your long morning's ram-
ble)—
And to Fort Port Putnam in the afternoon,
O'er rocks and brushwood up the mountain
scramble.
The view which this majestic height commands
Repay's the trouble of its rough access;
For he beholds, who on the rampart stands,
A scene of grandeur and of loveliness:
The chain of mountains, sweeping far away—
The white encampment spread beneath his feet—
The sloop, slow dropping down the placid bay—
Her form reflected in its glassy sheet.
And where the river's banks less boldly swell,
Villas upon some sunny slope are seen;
And white huts buried in some wooded dell—
With chimneys peering through their leafy
screen.
'Tis sweet to watch from hence at close of day,
While shadows lengthen on the mountain side,
The sunbeams steal from peak to peak away,
And white sails gleam along the dusky tide.
And sweet to woman's eye, at evening hour,
The gay parade that animates the plain,
When martial music lends its kindling power,
To thrill the bosom with some stirring strain—
Who, when they to their gleaming ranks repair,
Delight to gaze upon the bright array
Of young, good-looking fellows marshall'd there
In pigeon-breasted coats of iron-gray.

For girls the glare of warlike pomp adore,*
Since, cased in steel, with lance and curtle-axe on,
Bold Cœur-de-Lion led his knights to war,
Down to the days of Major-General Jackson.

At night, when home returning, it is sweet,
While stars are twinkling in the fields above,
And whispering breezes in the foliage meet,
To move in such a scene with one we love.

To feel the spell of woman's witchery near,
And while the magic o'er our senses steals,
Believe the being whom we hold most dear,
As deeply as ourselves that moment feels.

The dolphin's hues are brightest while he dies,
The rainbow's glories in their birth decay,
And love's bright visions, like our autumn skies,
Will fade the soonest when they seem most gay.

In "true love" now I am an arrant skeptic,
My heart's best music is for ever hush'd;
Perhaps because I'm briefless and dyspeptic,
Perhaps my hopes were once too rudely crush'd.

But to return—to lawyerling too poor,
Leaving his duns and office to a friend,
To take the northern or the eastern tour,
This short excursion I will recommend.

'Tis but two dollars and a day bestow'd,
And far from town, its dust and busy strife,
You'll find the jaunt a pleasing episode
In the dull epic of a city life.

A BIRTH-DAY MEDITATION.

ANOTHER year! alas, how swift,
Alinda, do these years flit by,
Like shadows thrown by clouds that drift
In flakes along a wintry sky.
Another year! another leaf
Is turn'd within life's volume brief,
And yet not one bright page appears
Of mine within that book of years.

There are some moments when I feel
As if it should not yet be so;
As if the years that from me steal
Had not a right alike to go,
And lose themselves in Time's dark sea,
Unbuoy'd up by aught from me;
Aught that the future yet might claim
To rescue from their wreck a name.

But it was love that taught me rhyme,
And it was thou that taught me love;
And if I in this idle chime
Of words a useless sluggard prove,
It was thine eyes the habit nursed,
And in their light I learn'd it first.
It is thine eyes which, day by day,
Consume my time and heart away.

And often bitter thoughts arise
 Of what I've lost in loving thee,
 And in my breast my spirit dies,
 The gloomy cloud around to see,
 Of baffled hopes and ruin'd powers
 Of mind, and miserable hours—
 Of self-upbraiding, and despair—
 Of heart, too strong and fierce to bear.

"Why, what a peasant slave am I,"
 To bow my mind and bend my knee
 To woman in idolatry,
 Who takes no thought of mine or me.
 O, God! that I could breathe my life
 On battle-plain in charging strife—
 In one mad impulse pour my soul
 Far beyond passion's base control.

Thus do my jarring thoughts revolve
 Their gather'd causes of offence,
 Until I in my heart resolve
 To dash thine angel image thence;
 When some bright look, some accent kind,
 Comes freshly in my heated mind,
 And scares, like newly-flushing day
 These brooding thoughts like owls away.

And then for hours and hours I muse
 On things that might, yet will not be,
 Till, one by one, my feelings lose
 Their passionate intensity,
 And steal away in visions soft,
 Which on wild wing those feelings waft
 Far, far beyond the drear domain
 Of reason and her freezing reign.

And now again from their gay track
 I call, as I despondent sit,
 Once more these truant fancies back,
 Which round my brain so idly flit;
 And some I treasure, some I blush
 To own—and these I try to crush—
 And some, too wild for reason's rein,
 I loose in idle rhyme again.

And even thus my moments fly,
 And even thus my hours decay,
 And even thus my years slip by,
 My life itself is wiled away;
 But distant still the mounting hope,
 The burning wish with men to cope
 In aught that minds of iron mould
 May do or dare for fame or gold.

Another year! another year,
 ALINDA, it shall not be so;
 Both love and lays forswear I here,
 As I've forsworn thee long ago.
 That name, which thou wouldst never share,
 Proudly shall fame emblazon where
 On pumps and corners posters stick it,
 The highest on the JACKSON ticket.

PLATONICS.

A PLACE for me—one place for me,
 Within that wild young heart be kept;
 Howe'er Affection's chords may there
 By other hands than mine be swept;
 However unto Love's mad thrill
 Their music may responsive be,
 As now let sober Friendship still
 Preserve one note—one place for me.
 When thy bright spirit, grave or gay,
 Some other chains delighted near,
 To catch thy features' varying play,
 And watch each lightning thought appear,
 However thou his soul mayst touch,
 Let him not wholly thine enthrall
 From one who ever loved so much
 To chase its meteor windings all.
 When mid some scene where Nature flings
 Her loveliest enchantments round,
 And in thy kindling soul upsprings
 Thoughts which no mortal breast can bound.
 Or when upon some deathless page
 Thy mind communes with kindred mind,
 Still let me there one thought engage,
 And round thy soaring spirit wind.
 When first the bride-like dawn is blushing
 Within the arms of joyous Day,
 Or when the twilight dews are hushing
 His footsteps o'er the hills away;
 When from the fretted vault above,
 God's ever burning lamps are hung,
 And when in dreams of Heaven and love,
 His mercies are around thee flung.

A place for me—one place for me,
 Within thy memory live enshrined,
 Whatever idols Time may raise
 Upon the altars of thy mind.
 And while youth's hopes before me sweep,
 Like bubbles on a freshening sea—
 My bark of life shall ever keep
 One sacred berth for thee—for thee.

"COMING OUT"—A DREAM.

Young Lesbia slept. Her glowing cheek
 Was on her polish'd arm reposing,
 And slumber closed those fatal eyes
 Which keep so many eyes from closing.

For even Cupid, when fatigued
 Of playing with his bow and arrows,
 Will harmless furl his weary wings,
 And nestle with his mother's sparrows.

Young Lesbia slept—and visions gay
 Before her dreaming soul were glancing,
 Like sights that in the moonbeams show,
 When fairies on the green are dancing.

And, first, amid a joyous throng
 She seem'd to move in festive measure,
 With many a courtly worshipper,
 That waited on her queenly pleasure.

And then, by one of those strange turns
 That witch the mind so when we're dreaming,
 She was a planet in the sky,
 And they were stars around her beaming.

Yet hardly had that lovely light
 ('To which one cannot here help kneeling)
 Its radiance in the vault above
 Been for a few short hours revealing,

When, like a blossom from the bough,
 By some remorseless whirlwind riven,
 Swiftly upon its lurid path,
 'Twas back to earth like lightning driven.

Yet, brightly still, though coldly, there
 Those other stars were calmly shining,
 As if they did not miss the rays
 That were but now with their own twining.

And half with pique, and half with pain,
 To be from that gay chorus parting,
 Young Lesbia from her dream awoke,
 With swelling heart and teardrop starting.

INTERPRETATION.

Had she but thought of those below,
 Who thus were left with breasts benighted,
 Till Heaven dismiss'd that star to earth,
 By which alone our hearts are lighted—

Or, had she recollected, when
 Each virtue from the world departed,
 How Hope, the dearest, came again,
 And stay'd to cheer the lonely-hearted :

Sweet Lesbia could not thus have grieved,
 From that cold, dazzling throng to sever,
 And yield her warm, young heart again
 To those that prize its worth for ever.

THE WAXEN ROSE.*

Go, mocking flower,
 Thou plastic child of art,
 Back to my lady's bower ;
 Go and ask if thou,
 False rose, art proven now
 An emblem of her heart ?

Tell her, that like thee,
 That heart's of little worth,
 However kind it be,
 Which any hand with skill
 May mould unto its will ;
 Too pliant from its birth.

* "Go, lovely rose."—Waller.

Go, cheating blossom,
 Scentless as morning dew,
 Go ask if in her bosom,
 Although love's bud may be
 In brightness like to thee,
 It owns no fragrance too.

But if fadeless, yet
 Like thee her love blooms on ;
 Tell her—oh, ne'er forget
 To tell her, from my heart
 Affection will not part
 When all life's flowers are gone.

TO A LADY,

WITH A COLLECTION OF VERSES.

A PASSING sigh, perhaps—perchance a snceer—
 Is all these lines, if ever read, may claim ;
 And the wild thoughts, so vainly written here,
 A worldly mind, perhaps, will calmly name
 The sickly record of 'a stripling's flame.'

Yet, Lady, should you chance when years are fled,
 Some hour when Memory from each burial-place
 Gives up once more her long-forgotten dead,
 Recalls the looks of each familiar face,
 And in the heart renews each time-worn trace—

At such an hour, when others claim the sigh
 Remembrance gives to early ties decay'd,
 To hopes and fears now gone for ever by,
 To scenes in memory's twilight charms array'd,
 And loves and friendships long ago betray'd—

Should you then chance these faded lines to meet,
 I know they will thy transient gaze arrest ;
 And he whose heart while yet Hope's pulses beat
 Was thine, within thy pensive breast
 Will claim one gentle thought among the rest.

MYNE HEARTTE.

I SOMMETYMES thinke thye womannes artte
 Hathe fromme mye bosomme whytchd my heartte,
 Yt dothe soe oftenne feele to mee
 Lyke caskette where no jewelles be ;
 Or, oceanne shelle wilk breathes dystresse,
 I ween fromme verye emptynesse ;
 And thenne I wishe sie faythlesse heartte
 Of mee hadde never beene a parte.

And sommetymes doe I thynnke yts tyde
 Is bye thye coldnesse petryfyd ;
 Or, thatte thyne eyne scorche uppe ye sayme
 Fromme healthfulle boundynges through mye
 fraymme,
 Yt laggs soe in its course lyke staynes,
 Wilk blushynge creepe through cowardes veynes ;
 And thenne I thynke that sic an heartte
 Of manne hadde bettere notte be parte.

And sommetymes doe I thynke 't were welles
 Thys heartte shouldde breake beneath the spelle,
 Since lonnge yt onely thoughtes of paynne
 Hath sentte untoe my wearye brainne.
 Soe manaye that ye sabel suite
 Dothe crowde mye reasonne fromme her seatte,
 And mayke me thynne I'd rayther parte
 Wythe lyfe in sic an faythlesse heartte.

WRITING FOR AN ALBUM.

I'LL try no more—'tis all in vain
 To rack for wit my head,
 Wit left the mansion of my brain
 When ye inhabited.

Thoughts will not come—words will not flow
 Except when thus toward thee they go.

Oh! thou wert born to be my blight,
 My bane upon this earth—
 Fate did my doom that moment write
 In which those eyes had birth.

'Tis strange that aught so good, so pure,
 Should work the evil I endure.

Thou darkenest each hope that flings
 O'er life one sunny ray;
 And to each joy thou lendest wings
 To take itself away.

Yet hope and joy—oh what to me
 Are they, unless they spring from thee!

I'll try no more—'tis all in vain
 To rack for wit my head,
 While every chamber of my brain
 By thee is tenanted.

Thoughts will not come—words will not flow
 Except when thus toward thee they go.

TO A LADY WEeping IN CHURCH.

WHEN tears from such as thee bedew the cheek,
 In scenes like this—'t would seem that heavenly
 eyes

The soften'd glories of religion speak,
 And claim the dewdrop from their kindred skies.

'Tis said that female saints of other days,
 From grovelling guilt could purge the foulest
 breast,

And teach the poor deluded wretch the ways
 That lead to mansions of eternal rest.

And who could look upon thy heavenly face,
 Nor feel his breast with sacred fervor glow;
 While every tear that fell from thee would chase
 Each thought that link'd him to this world below.

If then one tear of thine—one murmur'd sigh,
 Can tune the heart to sacred scenes like this;
 Why doubt the power to lure the soul on high,
 And lead it captive to the realms of bliss?

Albany, 1825.

BYRON.

His hopes would fade like sunset clouds,
 Which melt in blackening skies,
 Until he sought that peace in crowds
 A cheerless home denies.

He roam'd, an Arab on life's waste,
 Its kindly springs to drink;
 A TANTALUS, from whose hot taste
 The cooling waters shrink.

And when he would each trace forget
 That mark'd his early course,
 Remembrance brought but regret,
 Regret became remorse.

And then he watched life's lamps go out,
 Its friendships one by one
 Decay, and leave his soul without
 A light beneath the sun.

HOLDING A GIRL'S JUMPING ROPE.

'Tis true thou art no silken band
 That knits my own with Zoe's hand,
 No fairy's chosen fetter;
 Yet Love himself, if *strength* alone
 Were in his shackles to be shown,
 Could hardly find a better.

Thy stoutly twisted hempen strand
 Would hang each felon in the land,
 As high as e'er was Haman:
 And—unless heavier than his head,
 Are hearts by love inhabited,
 Would hold the wildest *Damón*.

But thou—like rods magicians bear,
 Of secret power art not aware,
 Nor yet to trace art able
 The story of one coil that lingers
 So lovingly on Zoe's fingers—
 Thou highly favor'd cable!

Since first in June, when hemp is green,
 And bees and butterflies are seen
 Along its blossoms sailing,
 Through mellow Autumn's jocund hours,
 When warblers from the brown wood's bowers
 Are on its seeds regaling—

Till steady on some top-most spar
 The footsteps of the gallant tar,
 Upon the wave careering,
 Or pendent from the stately mast,
 Through glowing palms thy cordage pass'd,
 Some banner bold uprearing.

'Tis strange that aught so void of life
 Should have, as if with feeling rife,
 The electric power to mingle
 The pulses that, upon my word,
 I felt just now, together stirr'd,
 Through all thy twistings tingle!

THE DECLARATION.

I LEFT the hall, as late it wore,
 And glad to be in her boudoir
 From surveillance exempt, I
 Gazed on the books she last had read,
 The chair her form had hallowed,
 And grieved that it was empty.
 And sleep his web was round me weaving
 While listening to that wind-harp's breathing,
 Whose melody so wild is,
 When one, whose charms are not of earth,
 (Her father just a *plum* is worth,
 And she his only child is),
 With stealthy step before me stood,
 As if to kiss in mad-cap mood,
 My eyes, in slumber folded.
 Her form was full—too full, you'd say,
 And marvel!—at the graceful play
 Of charms so plumply moulded.

Her eyes were of a liquid blue,
 Like sapphires limpid water through
 Their soften'd lustre darting;
 Her mind-illumin'd brow was white
 As snow-drift in the pale moonlight;
 The hair across it parting
 Was of that paly brown, we're told
 By poets takes a tinge of gold
 When sunbeams through it tremble,
 While round her mouth two dimples play'd
 Like—nothing e'er on earth was made
 Those dimples to resemble.

And there she stood in girlish glee
 To win a pair of gloves, or see
 How odd I'd look when waking,
 When I her round and taper waist
 So unexpectedly embraced,
 The bond there was no breaking.

Her snowy bosom swell'd as though
 The lava there beneath the snow
 Would heave it from its moorings;
 Her eye seem'd half with anger fired,
 And half with tenderness inspired
 In lightning-like endurings.

But when I loosed the eager grasp
 In which I to my breast did clasp
 Her struggling and unwilling,
 I felt somehow her fragile fingers
 (The tingling in my own yet lingers)
 Within my pressure thrilling.

I spoke to her—she answer'd not—
 I told her—now I scarce know what—
 I only do remember
 My feelings when in words express'd,
 Though warm as August in my breast,
 Seem'd colder than December.

But how can words the thoughts express
 Of love so deep, so measureless
 As that which I have cherish'd?
 O God! if my scar'd heart had given
 The same devotedness to Heaven,
 It would not thus have perish'd!

I said, "You know—you must have known—
 I long have loved—loved you alone,
 But cannot know how dearly."
 I told her if my hopes were cross'd,
 My every aim in life was lost—
 She knew I spoke sincerely!

She answer'd—as I breathless dwelt
 Upon her words, and would have knelt,
 "Nay, move not thus the least,
 You have—you long have had"—"Say on,
 Sweet girl! thy heart?"—"Your foot upon
 The flounce of my *battiste*."

CLOSING ACCOUNTS.

I PLACED—it was not ten years since—
 Sweet coz, a heart within thy keeping,
 In which there was no pulse of prince,
 Of poet, or of hero, leaping,
 But it was generous, warm and true,
 True to itself, and true to thee:
 And toward thine own it fondly drew—
 Drew almost in idolatry.

I came to thee when years had fled,
 To learn how well the charge was kept,
 That heart—it was so altered,
 Upon the change I could have wept:
 The buoyant hope, the daring aim,
 The independence, stern and high;
 Spirit, misfortune could not tame,
 And pride that might the worst defy—

All, all were gone—and in their stead,
 Were bitter and were blasted feelings:
 And thoughts Despair so far had led
 They shudder'd at their own revealings.
 Yet I—although Distrust did prey
 Within that heart so wildly then—
 It ate the better half away,
 I left the rest with thee again.

Perhaps that heart in worthier case,
 I thought thou wouldst at last restore;
 Perhaps I hoped thou mightst replace
 With thine, the one abused before:
 Perhaps there was—the truth as well
 May out at once—perhaps there was in
 Those matchless eyes so strong a spell
 I could not help it, witching cousin.

Well, it was thine—thine only still,
 A little worse, perhaps, for wear;
 But firm, despite of every ill
 Which Fate and thou had gather'd there.

Yet now, when Youth and Hope are past,
And Care will soon make manhood gray,
I think—I think from thee at last
That I must take that heart away.

Still, if it grieve thee to restore
A trust that's held so carelessly,
Or if, when asking back once more,
The heart I left in pledge with thee,
It may, in spite of all I've said,
By some odd chance with thine be blended,
Why, cousin, give me that instead,
And all our business here is ended.

FOREST MUSINGS.

THE hunt is up—
The merry woodland shout,
That rung these echoing glades about
An hour ago,
Hath swept beyond the eastern hills,
Where, pale and lone,
The moon her mystic circle fills;
A while across the setting sun's broad disc
The dusky larch,
As if to pierce the blue o'erhanging arch,
Lifts its tall obelisk.
And now from thicket dark,
Where, by the mist-wreathed river,
The fire-fly's spark
Will fitful quiver,
And bubbles round the lily's cup
From lurking trout come coursing up,
Where stoops the wading fawn to drink;
While, scared by step so near,
Uprising from the sedgy brink
The lonely bittern's cry will sink
Upon the startled ear.
And thus upon my dreaming youth,
When boyhood's gambols pleased no more,
And young Romance, in guise of Truth,
Usurp'd the heart all theirs before;
Thus broke ambition's trumpet-note
On visions wild,
Yet blithesome as this river
On which the smiling moonbeams float,
That thus have there for ages smiled,
And will thus smile for ever.
And now no more the fresh green-wood,
The forest's fretted aisles
And leafy domes above them bent,
And solitude
So eloquent!
Mocking the varied skill that's blent

In art's most gorgeous piles—
No more can soothe my soul to sleep
Than they can awe the sounds that sweep
To hunter's horn and merriment
Their verdant passes through,
When fresh the dun-deer leaves his scent
Upon the morning dew.
The game's afoot!—and let the chase
Lead on, what'er my destiny—
Though fate her funeral drum may brace
Full soon for me!

And wave death's pageant o'er me—
Yet now the new and untried world
Like maiden banner first unfurl'd,
Is glancing bright before me!
The quarry soars! and mine is now the sky,
Where, "at what bird I please, my hawk shall fly!"
Yet something whispers through the wood
A voice like that perchance
Which taught the hunter of Egeria's grove
To tame the Roman's dominating mood
And lower, for awhile, his conquering lance
Before the images of Law and Love—
Some mystic voice that ever since hath dwelt
Along with Echo in her dim retreat,
A voice whose influence all, at times, have felt
By wood, or glen, or where on silver strand
The clashing waves of Ocean's belt
Do clashing meet
Around the land:
It whispers me that soon—too soon
The pulses which now beat so high,
Impatient with the world to cope,
Will, like the hues of autumn sky,
Be changed and fallen ere life's noon
Should tame its morning hope.

Yet why,
While Hope so jocund singeth [eth,
And with her plumes the gray-beard's arrow wing—
Should I
Think only of the barb it bringeth?
Though every dream deceive
That to my youth is dearest,
Until my heart they leave
Like forest leaf when searest—
Yet still, mid forest leaves,
Where now
Its tissue thus my idle fancy weaves,
Still with heart new-blossoming
While leaves, and buds, and wild flowers spring,
At Nature's shrine I'll bow;
Nor seek in vain that truth in her
She keeps for her idolater.

THE END.



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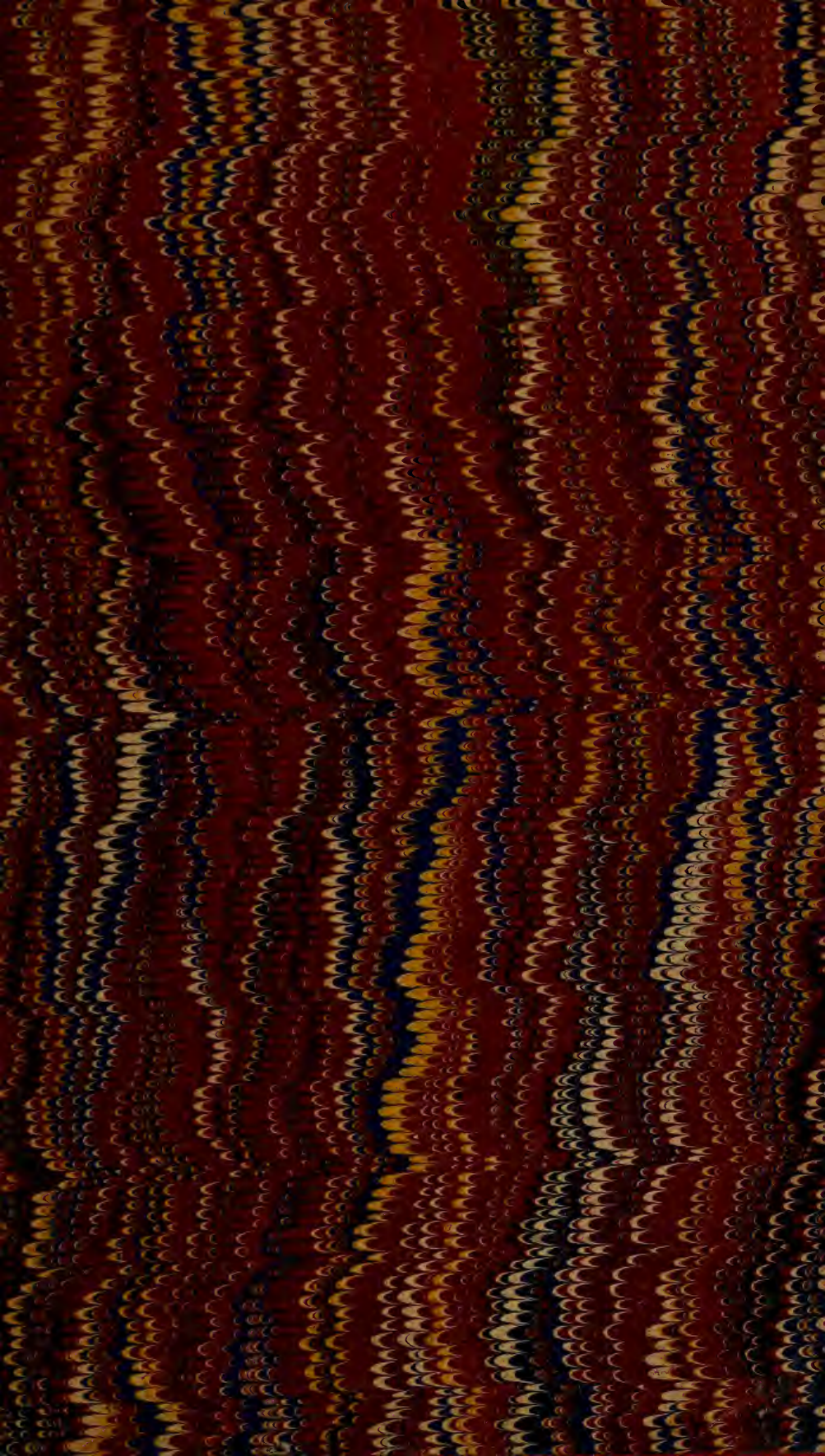
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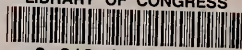
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